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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE bitter fruits of the Munich ultimatum have begun to ripen fast. We shall soon, if Mr. Churchill proves right, discover the terrible price that Britain has paid; for the moment we watch with horror the torment and destruction of Czechoslovakia. The occupation of the first three of the zones actually demarcated at Munich for cession was completed by Wednesday evening without incident—from the strictly military standpoint. Glumly obeying orders, the Czech troops retired; adhering correctly to their time table, the Germans advanced, covering the Führer's flower-strewn progress to Asch, Eger and Karlsbad. On Wednesday, however, before the fourth "immediate" zone was penetrated, news came from Berlin of a hitch in the negotiations between the German Foreign Office and the Ambassadors of the other three Munich Powers over the delimitation of the fifth zone, to be occupied on October 8–10. According to the Munich pact, this was to comprise every district "predominantly German in character"—an unhappily vague term. The Germans, it was learned, were claiming that, in applying this definition, first, a 51 per cent. German majority should be accepted as "predominant," and, secondly, that regard should be had to the population figures not of 1938, but of 1918, before land reform Acts had led to considerable colonisation of Czech agrarian settlers in the Sudetenland. The first demand was conceded. If the second claim be eventually conceded—and who is now in a position to resist it?—the frontier of Bohemia will be scarcely distinguishable from the Godesberg map which Mr. Chamberlain at first refused to endorse.

The Map Rolled Up

Had Sir Thomas Inskip paused to consider the obscurity surrounding the eventual frontiers of Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia, he might have hesitated before committing himself in Parliament on Tuesday to the meaningless pomposity with which he declared that, for the British Government, the guarantee to preserve the integrity of the Czechoslovak Republic was already "morally in force." It is not merely a question of the still to be determined area of the fifth zone and of the plebiscite districts—no longer, it seems, to be protected by an international military force; there are other disintegrating forces at work with the blessing of the Munich peace-makers. Poland has forcibly occupied the Teschen coal-mining district, and wants the Jablunkau area as well; the Hungarians, with Italy's vociferous support, are demanding that their frontier shall be pushed northwards to include Bratislava, and the whole of the sub-Carpathian foot-hills from Nitra, through Kosice to Uzhorod. The Slovaks are claiming an extreme form of autonomy; a Slovak Free Corps on Henleinist lines is being mobilised in Vienna; and there is talk of a joint Polish-Hungarian claim to partition Ruthenia and thus establish a joint

frontier "against Bolshevism." In this flux of frontiers which London is now powerless to control the British guarantee is a signature scrawled on sand.

Reactions in Czechoslovakia

Behind the lines of the retreating army political developments in Czechoslovakia have been swift. Dr. Benes, co-founder with Masaryk of a Czechoslovakia based on League of Nations support, has resigned from the Presidency, his life-work in ruins. His resignation completes Hitler's triumph. General Sirovy, who becomes acting President, has reconstructed his pre-Munich Cabinet, with more portfolios given to Slovak Ministers in a desperate effort, it would seem, to stay the autonomists' drift towards secession. Popular feeling against France and England runs high. It is realised that Bohemia can have no economic future except within the ambit of the Reich—whose plenipotentiaries have already this week concluded a closer trade agreement with Jugoslavia, opened negotiations with Turkey and brought heavy pressure to bear on Lithuania. In these circumstances the rump of Czechoslovakia may be expected to look to attachment to the Berlin-Rome axis as the only means of life.

A Home for Sudeten Democrats

With from 30 to 50 per cent. of her key industries torn from Czechoslovakia, it is clear that neither the British Government's advance of £10,000,000 nor the various voluntary subscriptions can do more than alleviate the immediate distress. A densely populated country is now swamped by the tide of refugees from the Nazi territory, and it is inevitable that any Government should give preference to the thousands of Czechs who have been forced to leave their homes in the Sudeten areas. This means that the Sudeten-German democrats are in a desperate plight. The Nazis are reported to have already begun the horrible routine of the concentration camp, and suicides repeat the ghastly story of Austria. Mr. Richard Acland, just returned by air from Czechoslovakia, gave the House of Commons a ghastly account of Nazi cruelties he had himself witnessed in the last few days. Condemned as traitors by their own countrymen, the Sudeten refugees are naturally regarded with suspicion by the hard-pressed Czechs, who want no German citizens in their sorely straitened and overcrowded State. Most of these Germans are skilled craftsmen from the metal, textile and porcelain industries and would prove useful citizens of any democracy. If there is any sanity or sense of decency left in the world, it should surely be possible to find a home for them. We earnestly hope that with the help of money from Britain and France one of the Dominions will combine public spirit and self-interest by offering to these people a livelihood within its territories. If some such plan is not adopted in the near future, there seems to be no course open for them except suicide or slow starvation.

M. Daladier's Vote of Confidence

France has received the Munich decisions with a sullen resignation. M. Flandin, who a day or two ago telegraphed his congratulations to Hitler, was the only politician to rejoice openly at the destruction of France's ally, but he wisely did not speak in the Chamber when it accepted M. Daladier's defence by an overwhelming majority. The debate was a tepid affair in contrast with that in the Commons. Only the Communists and M. Kerillis voted against the Government, the Socialists once again deciding on the policy of the lesser evil. The best advice that M. Blum could offer was "that France must closely examine her various international obligations and state exactly what they will mean in practice in future." Such an examination will no doubt be salutary, but in the meanwhile the nation feels that it is the victim of a shattering defeat. It is highly doubtful, indeed, whether the unanimity of the Chamber in any way reflects the true feelings of the country as a whole, and there is a danger that the policy of MM. Daladier and Bonnet may once again throw discredit on the whole parliamentary system and be the cause of revolutionary unrest. However skilfully the politicians veil the facts, the man in the street can have few illusions about the peace which has been secured.

Gaps in Our Defences

Mr. Chamberlain's admission that in spite of peace with honour the pace of rearmament must be accelerated has been followed by further statements about our defences which indicate that the surrender at Munich was partly caused by the inadequacy of our war preparations. In his maiden speech in the Lords, Earl Baldwin, after a personal tribute to the Premier, argued that no one should go to war until he had taken adequate precautions to protect the civilian population, and went on to plead, somewhat vaguely, for the mobilisation of industry. This startling admission of armament shortcomings and the inefficiency of A.R.P. was reiterated in the speech of Sir Thomas Inskip who informed the House that, although the staff of the censor's department had already been appointed, there were still serious gaps in our preparations which must be remedied. Such statements will only confirm the impression which last week's partial mobilisation produced. The man in the street who saw anti-aircraft units equipped only with Lewis guns does not need Sir Thomas Inskip's word that there are serious gaps. But he may well ask on what the time and money have been wasted in the last two years.

The Problem of Spain

The civil war goes on in Spain, seemingly unaffected by the upheaval that has taken place in Europe. But nobody imagines that the dictators are unconcerned with the Spanish problem, and indeed it is known that it has been one of the main subjects of discussion behind the scenes in Rome. There is evidence that Mussolini, disappointed as he has been in his hopes, is weary of the whole adventure. But that does not mean that he is prepared to cut his losses and leave Spain to stew in its own juice. One likely course that he may take is to offer to withdraw his troops from Franco (how fully and honestly he would do it, is another matter), on condition that steps are taken to prevent the entry of men or material to assist the Government. This would involve particularly the closing of the French ports and frontiers—a concession which the Duce, supported by Herr Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain, may consider he would have no great difficulty in extorting from M. Daladier. An alternative possibility is a truce between the Spanish Government and the rebels, to be followed by an agreement to partition the country. There is no sign, however, that Barcelona would consent to such

a plan, and the objections to it, practical as well as in principle, would obviously be immense. If all foreign intervention were abandoned, the Government would have the advantage over Franco—except in the matter of food, of which they are grievously short. So far as this country is concerned, there ought to be no thought of our joining in any plot for the destruction of the Spanish Republic. One Czechoslovakia is enough and more than enough.

Palestine

We are glad to hear Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's statement that the report of the Woodhead Commission on Palestine is expected to be ready before the end of this month. It is high time that the Government settled their policy. The condition of the country has gone from bad to worse in the past year and the horrible massacre of Jews at Tiberius this week may easily be repeated any day almost anywhere. It has long ceased to be a problem of putting down "brigands." The Arab rebels are not only strong in numbers; they are well organised and equipped, and they are establishing themselves in the eyes of the general population as the genuine champions of Arab nationalism and an army of liberation. The civil administration is half paralysed and the police and British troops are not enough (and may still not be enough even with the reinforcements now being sent out) to keep order and guarantee security except in certain main centres. Of the strength and depth of nationalist feeling and anti-Zionism there is no room for doubt. Nor is there any question about the sympathy of the Arab world outside Palestine. The most hopeful solution—or least unhopeful—of the problem may still be a Partition scheme, though evidently not the scheme originally put forward. But Arab opposition to any separate Jewish State has not weakened, and if a *modus vivendi* with a reasonable chance of acceptance by both peoples is to be found, it must be found soon. Otherwise we shall have something more than a minor colonial war on our hands.

The Sandys Report

On September 29, at the height of the crisis, the publication of the report of the Select Committee on the Sandys case actually passed almost unnoticed. The grave issues of the use of the Official Secrets Acts to muzzle public criticism were not within the terms of reference of the Committee. It dealt primarily with the conduct of the Prime Minister, Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Attorney-General, the Army Chiefs, and Mr. Sandys. In general the majority report found that no one was much to blame; the Prime Minister was quite innocent, since he had not set the Attorney-General on to Mr. Sandys, but only recommended the Minister of War to consult him before speaking to Mr. Sandys. The Attorney-General thought that he, rather than Mr. Hore-Belisha, was the proper person to talk to Mr. Sandys, and the Committee think that Mr. Hore-Belisha was mistaken in taking this advice and that the Attorney-General would have done well to make up his mind what he should do if Mr. Sandys refused to give away his informant and asked whether the special powers of interrogation on the Official Secrets Act were being used against Mr. Sandys or not. The majority report finally excuses everyone on the ground that "the great pressure under which they work must be borne in mind"—a plea which would justify any Minister in doing anything. On the other hand, the minority report, submitted by Mr. Lees Smith, and supported by Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Mr. Walkden and Mr. Maxton, holds that the Attorney-General exercised a threatening pressure on an M.P. "for which no parallel can be quoted."

Business After Munich

The increase by 30,000 between August 23rd and September 13th in the numbers unemployed in this country may be regarded as a reflection of business uncertainty in the early phases of the international crisis. In the abnormal activity of the past fortnight—postponement of orders for "marginal" goods offset by A.R.P. demands—the net effect on employment was probably small. As for the winter outlook, there are factors to be considered on both sides of the equation. Emotional relief at respite from war may lead to a temporary revival in the industries making consumers' goods, including motors. The constructional trades have the promise of intensified activity in armaments. Recovery is gaining ground in the United States and holds the promise of higher commodity prices. On the other hand, there is little evidence that confidence in "peace for our time" is sufficient to induce enterprise either in the City or on the part of manufacturers with long-range projects in mind. Inflationary expenditure on munitions may be counterbalanced by increased taxes and postponement of civil works. Finally, British export industries must clearly write off as a permanent loss the remnants of the trade which they enjoyed with South-Eastern Europe. Since the peak of 1937 Britain's economic activity has declined by about 10 per cent. He would be an optimist who felt confident that the retrograde movement will be reversed in the near future.

A General Election?

The betting seems now heavily against what Mr. Churchill describes as the indecency of "an inverted khaki election." If so, that is not because the wire-pullers at Tory headquarters see anything constitutionally or morally reprehensible in trying to secure themselves in office by exploiting the national relief that we are not at war. If they decide against an election it will be because the country is already aware that the promise of "peace in our time" accords ill with a demand for the "mobilisation of industry" and a far vaster armaments programme, and that the Czechs have been abominably treated. Many Conservative M.P.s are saying that they could not face their constituencies on such an issue; and it would have been fairer to keep out from the beginning and let Dr. Benes make what terms he could with Hitler. The response at the cinemas, where there has been an immense propaganda for Mr. Chamberlain, the peace-maker, tell the same story. The propaganda film, showing the Premier as Minister of Health, as Chancellor and as saviour of the country, complete with "God Save the King" and "Land of Hope and Glory," has had a mixed reception. The country is in a resentful and questioning mood and we shall be surprised if Sir Kingsley Wood thinks the moment propitious for an election.

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THE NEW EUROPE

MR. CHAMBERLAIN left the House of Commons last week amid frenzied cheers to make a last desperate effort to avert a European war. He returned from Munich with peace in his pocket, and he has had a full meed of thanks and praise from his countrymen and from the world at large. But in the House of Commons that he has met this week the applause has been more subdued. Relief and gratitude for his success are mixed with criticism, doubts and fears—on his own side as well as on the Opposition's. He claims to have brought us "peace with honour." Even the peace is precarious. Mr. Attlee in his speech on Monday called it an armistice in a state of war, and the Prime Minister himself could not pretend that it was more, for he declared that we must not abate our rearmament—we must still "stand on guard." As for honour—that belongs in all this sorry business to the Czechs alone, the victims of our peace. The sacrifices they have made under duress (and will yet have to make) will not be compensated, nor will our ignominy be wiped out, by the loans and gifts we may make them, important though these may be. And was it not a grim irony that Mr. Chamberlain should have compared his achievement at Munich with Disraeli's at Berlin sixty years ago? Has he forgotten the terms of the Treaty of Berlin and its consequences?

The Prime Minister rose in Parliament on Monday with what the *Times* calls an "impregnable case." But before he had begun to expound it Mr. Duff-Cooper, explaining the reasons for his resignation from the Government, had already made a hole in this case, and later speeches—Labour, Liberal and Conservative—poured a heavy fire upon it. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, stressed the extremity of the danger we were in last week; he had no adequate answer to the charge that it was his policy that had brought us to that point. In reply to the complaint that he had paid a monstrous price for peace, he claimed that he had got the best terms possible. That we have reason to doubt. "There has never been a moment up to the present," said Mr. Winston Churchill the other day, "when a firm stand by France and Britain, together with the many countries which recently looked to them, would not have called a halt to the Nazi menace." And even at the last moment there is little doubt that firmness by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier (with the support of Russia, which they knew they had, though they chose to ignore it) would have averted war with less devastating consequences to the Czechs. Hitler knew then the common people of this country—if not Mr. Chamberlain—were prepared to play their part. The British fleet was mobilised. There were powerful influences in Germany, military as well as civilian, opposed to war, and there was a desperate fear of and distaste for it in the German people. Mussolini, with an even more reluctant people behind him, was in no mood to plunge into this mad adventure at Hitler's orders. Mr. Chamberlain could not plead ignorance of all this, and the charge against him is not, as the *Times* perversely asserts, that "he ought to have offered blind resistance to Nazi Germany, right or wrong." It is that he ought to have, and could confidently have, resisted "Nazi Germany wrong"—for not even Mr. Chamberlain pretended that she was right last week.

But Mr. Chamberlain has another string to his bow. He argued that the terms were not in fact so hard after all. He was at great pains to stress the differences between the Godesberg demands and the Munich agreement. Differences there are, it is true, which may ease the blow a little. But when the most has been made of these, the fact remains the Czechs are left with the shadow, and Hitler with the substance. It is not clear that Hitler gave way on any important point; he entered Czechoslovakia on the day he had announced, and the time-table on which Mr. Chamberlain lays so much stress is the time-table which we should expect his General Staff to favour for so extensive an occupation. The limits of Germany's armed advance, as well as the plebiscite areas, are undefined and there is no promise of protection for the German or Czech refugees on whom the Nazis are already preparing to wreak their usual vengeance. There is no agreed frontier revision with time for exchange of populations and provision for the safety of the Czechs in the future. Talk of guaranteeing the new Czechoslovakia is horrible mockery, if only because there is no frontier that can be guaranteed. Hitler's victory is complete, and though it is—so far—a bloodless one, it is none the less a victory of force, dictated and imposed, and it was followed almost instantly by further threats and demands from other claimants to the spoils of Czechoslovakia. Whatever justice there may be in the claims of Poland and Hungary, their methods of advancing them are brutal and sinister.

Nor is this all. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia was not the sole or the main result of the Munich Conference. We are faced to-day with a new Europe, full of incalculable perils. The democratic forces have been humbled and discouraged. Fascism and dictatorship are exalted and invigorated. Already Nazi Germany, while her army and police are installing themselves in Czechoslovakia, is pushing farther afield with a policy of economic penetration. Her emissaries have been busy in Jugoslavia this week, and are reported to be moving through the Balkans to Turkey. Demands and proposals for commercial concessions have gone from Berlin to Lithuania. From Rome comes the news that France has at last agreed to send an Ambassador to Italy, and Mussolini is looking forward to a speedy recognition by Great Britain as well as France of his Ethiopian Empire. He is preparing, too, we have every reason to believe, for a settlement in Spain, though this may involve some difficulty and delay.

With the old alignment broken up, treaties and pledges turned into scraps of paper, Russia cold-shouldered and isolated, there emerges again from its pigeon hole the project of the Four-Power Pact. If it comes into being, it will come in infinitely worse circumstances than those that existed when it was originally mooted and rejected. For the balance and strength of the Four Powers are very different from what they were then; there can be little question as to who would be the dominant partners in such a directory of Europe to-day. This, to be sure, is not how Mr. Chamberlain and those who share his optimism see the situation. Mr. Chamberlain has already accepted Hitler's declaration that he has no more territorial ambitions in Europe, and he sets great store by the piece of paper he has brought back from Munich signed by himself and the Führer. With the sentiment of that document—the desire of the German and British peoples never to go to war with one another again—none will

disagree, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Chamberlain is right in his belief that it is " more than a pious expression of opinion." But until Hitler has given some more palpable evidence of any intention to abandon the full programme of *Mein Kampf*, we can hardly be expected to feel at ease.

But forbidding as the outlook is, and little though we trust either Mr. Chamberlain or his dictator friends, we have got to adjust ourselves to the new conditions with all the courage and hope possible. War has been averted for the moment. Can the truce of to-day be turned into a lasting peace? The war-mongers have professed that they have only exalted force and threatened violence because they could see no other way of obtaining satisfaction of their just claims. They have professed their belief that their totalitarian states could live in amity, or on fair terms, with the democratic states. The task before us now is to put these professions to the test. Mr. Chamberlain himself has apparently no plans in his mind. He assures us that he made no commitments at Munich; all that he agreed with Hitler was that the method of consultation ought to be continued. But obviously something more definite than this (and something very different, most of us will consider) is wanted if a policy of general appeasement is to be tried. The Labour Party has proposed—and the proposal will have widespread support among men of other parties and of no party—the calling of an international conference—an " all-in peace conference," in Mr. Attlee's words, " to deal with the causes of war, the wrongs of Versailles and the minorities, to deal with the colonial question and questions of raw materials and, above all, questions of economics and the conditions of the peoples of the world." In such a conference it would of course be essential that both the United States and the U.S.S.R. should take part. Out of such a conference, if Hitler has the sense to see it, there might come not only a remedying of territorial grievances which still inflame the nations (or enable ambitious rulers to inflame their peoples), but also some relief from the monstrous armaments which are making life a nightmare to the whole world. Sceptics will say that we have had these ecumenical gatherings before—and what have they come to? The answer to that is not to suggest that we have found a new panacea or to pretend that there will not be a multitude of difficulties to overcome. It is to ask what is the alternative. The alternative is to make ready for war and more war—or helplessly to watch the growth of a universal Fascist tyranny in which there will be no war because there will be nothing left to fight for.

AMONG MINORITIES

READING of Hungary's latest claim to a large section of Czechoslovakian territory, I call to mind a small Slovak village close to the Hungarian border. Through it runs a stream in which innumerable geese waddle, cows drink, peasant women wash clothes and bare-footed children wade as they watch the geese and cattle. It is a Magyar village with its whitewashed one-storied buildings in which several families live side by side round the common farmyard. The mother tongue is Magyar, for before the war this was Hungary. For a peasant village it is comparatively prosperous, about 80 per cent. of the families having enough land to support themselves without also working as day labourers.

A cultured Hungarian priest takes me to visit a peasant family. We eat rye bread well sprinkled with poppy seed and reluctantly consume a morsel of what they call bacon, but which in reality is very salty white fat. Other peasants join us and they talk of their way of living. Are they better off than under the Hungarian regime? Well, they have more land, for the moment prices are good and they have no complaint. Have they a Magyar school? No, but they have been promised one. There are two schools, in both of which the children are taught in Slovak, but the priest visits the schools to conduct services or to give scripture lessons in Magyar. They are not very concerned about all this. They live in Czechoslovakia; so it is as well the children should know the official language, which here is Slovak. They are more interested to tell of a villager who has returned from America after working in an automobile factory with a fortune of 300,000 krones, about £2,000. Think what you could do with that! You could do anything you wanted. Buy a big store, says the keeper of the small co-operative, the only shop in the village where the village hall is also situated. Build a very big house, says the peasant in whose house we are. Buy cows, geese and hogs, says another.

At the end of the village lives a Czygane or gipsy family. We sit outside their very poor house while they play Slovak and Hungarian melodies for us. Then they play national dance tunes and their families dance. They proudly do a fox trot in their bare feet on the hard earth; but soon the melody drifts into a national dance and that comes more natural.

I return to the neighbouring town of Kosice, satisfied that I have been in a village without a minority problem. True there is no Magyar school, but they do not seem worried about that. The only person who regrets the pre-war days is the Jewish keeper of the small inn. " It's quieter than it used to be," he said.

The evening I spend with members of the Hungarian minority in the town. I tell them about the village I've visited. " Shocking, isn't it? " they say. " There's no Hungarian school there." Then comes a long tirade about the refusal of the Slovaks to allow Hungarian culture, of how all the best jobs are in the hands of the Slovaks, how no Hungarian can get into State employment, and above all of how the Hungarian culture is being suppressed. These are the intellectuals; they are cultured and free. One of them, a doctor, belies their statements by having a very good position in a hospital under the State. I contrast their attitude with that of the peasants who go peacefully about their living, satisfied as long as they have enough land to cultivate and get good enough prices for their produce. I remember the quiet cultured priest who knows and lives with these peasants and his confident assurance that the question of nationality does not arise. It does not concern him or many of his flock, but it does the intellectuals of Kosice. So, remembering the peasants have land and are content, I wonder whether if these intellectuals had State jobs they would not be satisfied too. Land for the peasants and State jobs for the intellectuals—maybe that is all that is needed.

I ask whether they would prefer to return to Hungary, and their protest is no less vehement. No. That they do not want. Certainly not under the present regime. Here they have democracy, comparative freedom. All they want is to be free to keep their culture within the Czech borders. They claim there is no real autonomist movement among the Hungarian minority and repeat emphatically they do not want to return to Hungary. I think of the peasants and their priest, and this last remark of the intellectuals, when I read of the Hungarian Government's claim for the return of the minority in Czechoslovakia to Hungary. But if Hungary's claims are met this village and Kosice will be Hungarian.

Similarly, when I read of Poland's like demands I think of another village. This time in Eastern Galicia. This too was Hungarian under the Austrian-Hungarian Empire before the war and is now in Poland. It is a Ukrainian village of a few hundred Ukrainians. In appearance it is very similar to the Magyar one, but here the church is more in evidence,

dominating the town, and there is a modern dairy built by the Ukrainian co-operative society which purchases milk from the peasants. Here, too, the only shop is a co-operative store with its village hall adjoining. Like the Magyars they have no school where their children are taught in the mother tongue —Ukrainian. The school is Polish and the teachers are Poles; but, unlike the Magyars, they have little hope of getting their own school, as the number of Ukrainian schools has been very much decreased of recent years by the Poles, who are trying to denationalise the Ukrainians.

Here the peasant has real cause for complaint. Less than 25 per cent. of them have enough land to be self-supporting. Most have no more than twelve acres and two or three cows apiece. Land is available, but the landlords are not permitted to sell to them, nor they to buy. When estates are broken up, they are divided only amongst Poles. If there are no Poles in the village they are brought in as colonists. In this village the one large landlord wishes to divide up his lands, but he cannot get permission to partition them among the Ukrainians. Consequently the peasants cannot increase their holdings and must hire themselves out at a zloty a day (10*d.*).

These peasants are deeply religious; in fact religion is part of their nationality. Ask a Ukrainian his nationality and he replies, "I am Greek Orthodox." But the Poles are Roman Catholics and in practice allow no Greek Orthodox or Greek Catholics to hold positions under the State or to share in the administration. The Ukrainians are thus banned from the civil service, from employment in State monopolies and from serving in the police force. Peasants in this village complain that they cannot have land or jobs. The big enterprises are State monopolies or owned by Poles; their children are unable to get employment. Only if they change their religion are jobs open to them, and to do that is to become ostracised and is equivalent to giving up their nationality.

Is it not possible to draw from such examples the conclusion that the problem is not so much one of nationality as deprivation of human rights? Deprived of these by a State whose nationality it shares, a people would revolt in a similar way. The Polish peasant has complaints against the Polish Government and many of them correspond to those of the minorities. Give the peasant land and religious freedom and the right to live in his own way and he does not rebel against the state. Frontiers and artificial boundaries mean nothing to him. Deprivation of rights leads him to believe that he lacks those rights because of his nationality. Every wrong done him he feels is because of his nationality. He believes that if freedom were given to his nationality his wrongs would disappear. That is his error, as the Polish peasants and workers who fought for Poland's independence have found to their sorrow. It is not always their nationality which is responsible; more often it is their class.

Further, the system under which a nation lives is of greater importance. For a nation to be free, not only must there be equality for all nationalities, but a form of government that protects peasant and worker, rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant alike. To create nations is not enough: forms of government must also be created which enable all to participate freely and equally in government. No nationality problem is solved unless the formation of a nation is accompanied by democratic forms of government.

President Masaryk created a democracy in Czechoslovakia because he knew that only under a true democracy could different nationalities live peacefully together. Left alone, that Republic had gone a long way to solve its nationality problem. Only with the new technique of totalitarian propaganda, with its unscrupulous lying and brutal terrorism, was Hitler able to turn its minority problem to his advantage. Seeds do not take root except on soil ready to receive them. So when Hitler began to use the Henlein Party for his *Drang nach Osten*, there was discontent in the Sudeten regions, but it was largely economic. Had the Czech Government foreseen the disastrous effect of the depression on the export industries of Bohemia and embarked on large schemes of public works to forestall or relieve economic distress, the ground would have been far less fertile. Without the existence of economic grievances, the Henlein Party would not have grown as it did even with the accompaniment of terrorism. Nevertheless, the Sudetens believed that their economic grievance was a nationality grievance. They were wrong. Whether Bohemia were German or Czech, the economic problem would have arisen just the same. The problem would have remained economic pure and simple but for its exploitation by Germany.

ERNEST DAVIES

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FOREIGN POLICY

THE public has handled itself in a manner beyond criticism. But it may misapprehend the motives and purposes lying behind the drama of the last weeks. It imagines that peace has been snatched from the cauldron of war by the skill, courage and tenacity of a single man. It may well be that peace was in danger at the last moment through the Prime Minister's reckless pursuit of his own aims, and his delay in taking the steps necessary to make clear the ultimate position of this country. But even this is unlikely; and the pacific impulses of the nation have been exploited to serve undisclosed aims, which, if they had been disclosed, would have been approved by some but repudiated by many. It can scarcely be questioned that at several stages in the negotiations an honourable settlement could have been secured without any risk to peace, if an unambiguous stand had been taken by this country, France *and Russia* speaking with one voice. Such a stand has been consistently refused. The Prime Minister was never preparing for the actuality of war. The total omission of any reference even to the possibility of military action by this country in the correspondence published in the White Paper, the avoidance of conversations with Russia, the reluctance and extraordinary delay in ordering the mobilisation of the Fleet are not consistent with any other explanation. Neither the Prime Minister nor Herr Hitler ever intended for one moment that the play-acting should devolve into reality. For it would be a mistake to attribute extreme carelessness to the one or insanity to the other of these two astute politicians. The actual course of events has been dictated by the fact that the objectives of Herr Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain were not different, but the same; whilst Russian policy has played into Mr. Chamberlain's hands by making it easy for him to ignore her.

The course of events can be made intelligible by the following considerations. Herr Hitler has explained that his ultimate objective is the Ukraine. The Balkans, Western Europe, the Colonies *might* have been the desired sphere of his expansion. But he has openly decided otherwise; and in these matters he is a man of his word. Yet the position of Czechoslovakia, with a well-armed force of a million men, strongly entrenched, and in alliance with Russia, presented a danger to his flank which could not be overlooked and must be dealt with first. The inner diplomatic game has developed, therefore, as follows. We have been bought off by Germany's agreeing to forgo a fleet and soft-pedalling on the Colonies; France by her renunciation of Western aims (perhaps including Spain, so far as Germany is concerned); Italy by her side-stepping the Balkans; Poland by a sacrifice of the Silesian Germans (for the time being) and the hope of a share of the Russian spoils. Only Czechoslovakia had to be sacrificed. The next move, presumably, is a German alliance with Poland with a view to the seizure of the Ukraine, simultaneously with a Siberian venture by Japan (this move being, however, seriously endangered by Japan's blunder in Central China). Mussolini, as he well knows, is left nowhere; but for the rest of the world that is only a detail.

The attraction of this *politik* to ourselves is obvious. Our sea-power and our overseas Empire remain for the present

unchallenged; our own peace may be secured for a considerable period; we are given time to complete our air defences; Mussolini's Mediterranean aims are left in the lurch; even the Spanish Government may benefit; and who knows but that in the end Herr Hitler will be the second dictator to retreat from Moscow. If, on the other hand, it should happen that the capitalist branch of the totalitarian faith defeats its socialist sister, how many Englishmen care? It is Russia and Italy which have suffered diplomatic defeat. We and France have only sacrificed our honour and our engagements to a civilised and faithful nation, and fraternised with what is vile. This, at any rate, is the short-run calculation. The Prime Minister thinks it a small price to pay and can swallow with a good conscience a week's play-acting, beginning with gas-masks and ending with bouquets, even if it involved a brief moment of harsh plucking at mothers' heart-strings.

J. M. KEYNES

A LONDON DIARY

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S concluding speech on October 3rd was far the best defence on the Government side. It was certainly the most honest. It amounted to saying that in dealing with the dictators you must either fight them or give them all they wish, and that, since war is the worst of all evils, it is always better to surrender. If that had really been the choice, many of us who have criticised the National Government's policy during the last seven years would have preferred a more complete pacifism than Sir Samuel's. But I believe his premises to be wrong. A League policy—most obviously in 1935—would have prevented a war without war, and criticism of Mr. Chamberlain on this occasion arises not from any disagreement about the necessity of peace, but about the best method of achieving it. We knew from his past utterances that Mr. Chamberlain would not champion the Czech cause if he could possibly help it. His views about Czechoslovakia and Eastern Europe were much the same as Hitler's. But it seemed on the eve of Berchtesgaden and again on the eve of Munich, as if Hitler's intransigence was going to drive him willy-nilly into sharing in a last effort by the Western democracies, Czechoslovakia and Russia to call a halt to Fascism and force Hitler to abandon threats and accept the method of negotiation. If that was so, it was especially the business of those who were known to be the most ardent pacifists to screw up their resolution and assert their readiness to run the risks of a firm stand against aggression. The whole British press from the extreme Right to the extreme Left was solid at that minute. Hence the general anger when the public found that its resolution, attained at terrific internal cost, was mocked, that we were not making a stand at all, that the Czechs were to be sacrificed, and probably the last chance of checking Fascism without war allowed to slip by. What will happen now no one can prophesy. Interesting speculations were opened up by Mr. Amery's remarks about the desirability of "sacrificing party differences."

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The debate in the House resolved itself into a duel between two types of Imperialists. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Duff Cooper maintained the orthodox Foreign Office theory of the Balance of Power. Holding fast to our traditional policy of preventing the hegemony of any one nation on the Continent, they were prepared to ally themselves with Russia against the Nazi threat; and both Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Eden argued persuasively that if Britain had been willing to ally herself definitely with the U.S.S.R. at an early stage, war could have been averted and Czechoslovakia saved. I hear that many Conservative back benchers who had not the opportunity of speaking have come round to this point of view. But the Baldwin policy of playing with the League, and the argument that by supporting the victims of aggression we were siding with Communism, have steered the Conservative Party as a whole away from the old Balance of Power theory and left them with no policy at all to put in its place. The new policy of actual siding with the Fascist Powers only became clear when Mr. Chamberlain got rid of Mr. Eden and Sir Robert Vansittart, and the Tory rank and file have never got round to discovering whether they really agreed with Mr. Churchill or Mr. Chamberlain. Under the stern discipline of the whip Conservative Members listen uneasily while experts on foreign affairs denounce the policy for which they are bound, as party men, to vote.

* * *

With the League destroyed, no effective alternative can be advanced between the old-fashioned Imperialism of Mr. Churchill and the new Fascist alliance of Mr. Chamberlain. In a word, Mr. Churchill fears Hitler more than he hates Stalin; Mr. Chamberlain fears Stalin and gets on not too badly with Hitler. Labour speakers—Dr. Dalton made perhaps the most effective speech—were able to bring out the fact that throughout the crucial days of September the British Government had accepted M. Bonnet's word that Russia was unreliable. There is evidence that M. Daladier was given false information about Russia's intentions and position from pro-Fascist sources. It was reasonable to doubt the extent of Russian capacities to help the Czechs: there was no honest reason for doubting that the U.S.S.R. would send aeroplanes to their aid. At the critical time when a joint declaration by England, France and Russia would have been decisive, Mr. Chamberlain resolutely refused to make a declaration which would put him on the same side as the U.S.S.R. At the last minute, when the danger of war had really become acute, the Government yielded to pressure and a joint declaration with the U.S.S.R. was made. I believe that this move was strongly urged upon the Government by the Labour Party leaders. It was then terribly late, but even so, with the British fleet mobilised, the French and Russians ready and Czechoslovakia holding firm, Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier went to Munich holding strong cards. But that is assuming that there was still an intention of trying to put pressure on Hitler. In fact all that occurred was that the Big Four united to put pressure on the Czechs. Even so, I believe the Czechs would not have given way had not the Poles and Hungarians, whose frontiers with Czechoslovakia are not properly fortified, also threatened at the same time.

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What exactly happened on the dramatic day that began, it seemed, with war and ended with the Munich invitation? Some strong souls—I know several—never believed in war at any time; they were always convinced that Mr. Chamberlain would fix up something with Hitler and they even regard the arrival of the invitation to Munich during Mr. Chamberlain's speech as a piece of brilliant stage management. Others, like Earl Baldwin, talk of the finger of God intervening to save humanity. Careful inquiry convinces me of the truth that the first theory is more nearly right than the second. Mr. Chamberlain had done everything in his power to persuade Hitler to take the Sudeten areas quietly without forcing the French to support the Czechs. But after Godesberg he was not sure that he would succeed. The White Paper shows that except for a moment at Godesberg he did not resist Hitler's demands; he did, however, ask him to remember that there were limits past which he could not persuade British and French public opinion to go. I feel sure when he made his broadcast speech on the Tuesday night that he genuinely feared that Hitler would prefer war to getting his own way without it. When he began his speech in the House he had grounds for believing that his appeal to Mussolini would work, but he awaited the confirmatory message. Again it is said that the Labour leaders knew that a surrender had been arranged and promised not to make difficulties at the end of Mr. Chamberlain's speech. The facts are different. I understand that they were told at the last minute that some appeal had gone to Mussolini and agreed, since negotiations were still going on, not to insist on a long debate. They intended at least one speech warning Mr. Chamberlain against a complete surrender. Actually the

hysteria of relief in the House was so great that Mr. Attlee only managed to make a remark to which the Tories paid no attention, about not sacrificing "principle" at Munich. Mr. Gallacher tried to protest more vigorously, but he was swept aside, and Mr. Chamberlain went away to complete the policy of Berchtesgaden.

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Since the Munich discussions were conducted in secrecy I must leave it to journalists with a gift of divination to report just what the Big Four said to each other. But I can give some authentic details of their movements. After greeting each other at Munich they lunched frugally at a buffet; the only fare was cheese and salmon sandwiches with soda water. Mr. Chamberlain is a spare man and since modern dictators are apparently always ascetics, it may well be that M. Daladier was the only dissatisfied luncher. Indeed I think it must have been M. Daladier's behaviour at this ordeal that prompted Mr. Chamberlain to refer to the French Premier's "unfailing good-humour," for though good-humour is a pleasant quality it is not the one most conspicuously necessary or appropriate for the task of handing over allies who have trusted you to the mercies of the invading Nazis. After this cold collation the Big Four went off in a car—no one seems to know what for or where. Hitler took them for a ride—which is all we know or need to know. Then came a long discussion followed by an interval in which Mr. Chamberlain had some private conversation with the Duce. His sanguine chat with Hitler came next morning. The Czech representatives were not consulted at any stage in the proceedings. They waited with their maps while their enemies and their false friends divided up Czechoslovakia, on the basis of old maps provided by Hitler. Finally they were given the two hours' ultimatum for Dr. Benes and told to take the details of the Munich "settlement" as fast as possible to Prague.

* * *

A cheering little incident occurred at one of the big West End stores that caters for the well-to-do. The staff was kept working night and day doing up immense parcels of stores which were to ensure that the rich at least did not go short in the event of war. On the second night the employees struck—not because of the overtime, but because they refused to aid in this kind of hoarding. I also heard of grocers who very properly refused to supply unusual quantities to hoarders and I was delighted with the decision of the National Retailers' Association that goods bought in the panic could not be returned but should be sent to the hospitals. One hopes that those well-to-do people who bought houses in remote Welsh valleys will happily accommodate themselves to a new mode of life; they will scarcely find their new property easy to sell until the next threat of war. The scheme for evacuating children from London I thought most sensible and the L.C.C., which has been denounced by the Tories for its lack of preparation, proved, under Mr. Morrison's untiring leadership, one of the most efficient bodies in the country. By way of contrast I may mention one Midland town where at a public meeting it was disclosed that a total of £83 had been spent on A.R.P.—this being the Chief Constable's salary for special services. In the evacuation scheme I was glad to hear that, on paper at least, the houses of the rich were to be used as much as those of the poor—though I know of one case in which the visiting officer reassured an anxious householder by saying that he would of course see that the children sent to him were well bred and all that. What is to happen to the trenches in the parks and children's playgrounds? Trust Mr. Chamberlain and fill them up again? Permanently destroy the amenities of London and other cities and leave the children with only a war game to play? The natural compromise would be to keep the trenches and cover them over, but if this is to be safe or indeed sanitary they will have to be cemented and drained and the old question arises who will bear the cost? One result of the crisis is to make it certain that, unless we are to get disarmament and peace, A.R.P. must be put on to a national basis. The cost incurred by local authorities in the past week already amounts to millions. A final comment reaches me from a correspondent who says that in one Paddington district alone 173 gas masks were recovered from the dustbins over the week-end.

* * *

Recently an important official after some years in Cairo was leaving for England. On the last day his small son asked to be taken to see Gordon once again. (There is in Cairo a more than life-size statue of Gordon riding a camel.) The little boy stood in front of the monument, and said with visible emotion: "Good-bye, Gordon, good-bye." His father was gratified and touched by this evidence of patriotism till, as they walked away, the child asked, "Who is that man sitting on top of Gordon?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. R. W. Campbell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Let us now praise ourselves!

This is an exercise little practised by the British people. It is an art at which we are not adept. It is good that this is so.

Yet on occasion when outstandingly praiseworthy things have been done, it is well to state them.

Not with empty vanity, nor with nervous shoutings. But with honest, sober truth.

Let us then praise ourselves. The peoples of Britain.

For the last few weeks we have walked in the Valley of the Shadow.

And we have been unafraid.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

It was alleged that when police officers visited Mrs. Hopkins's house to arrest a man wanted for burglary, she pushed the two out on to the pavement and screamed abuse at them. She aimed a kick at Detective-sergt. Lawrence and bit P.-c. Titheridge's left thumb to the bone.

Mrs. Hopkins, pleading not guilty, said she thought she was biting her husband, and not the officer.—*Evening Standard.*

It is the extraordinary arrogance on the part of democrats which makes them a world danger.—Rev. H. E. B. Nye in *Action.*

Imagine the effect on Weston if our Borough Council was under the direct guidance of God. Such unfortunate events as the resignation of Mr. Burgess would never occur.—*Weston-super-Mare Gazette.*

If there is a weakness in the Agreement, it is that the necessity for doing something by to-morrow meant that the Czechoslovak Government were given no chance of making suggestions of their own, but could reply only "yes" or "no." On the other hand, as things have been arranged, it can scarcely be said that the transfer is being made under pressure of force.—*Times.*

The attitude of a number of the leading bookmakers in declining to bet during the crisis was, however, far more difficult to understand. Surely it was the duty of each one of us to carry on calmly with our jobs until such time as we received contrary orders.—*Sunday Times.*

HOW CHAMBERLAIN
SCARED
HITLER

—*News Review* poster.

Mr. Ogden raised an interesting theory. He said that as God made the world he must obviously have made wireless.

Throughout the Bible one came across verses containing the phrase, "The voice of God," and he believed that that voice was heard by the ancients in the same way as we heard a radio announcer. When God spoke by "Urim and by Thummim" he was speaking by wireless.—*Darlington and Stockton Times.*

MADRID—WASHINGTON

[The following picture of Government Spain to-day was recently broadcast by Mr. Ernst Toller to the United States from Madrid.]

CROSSING the Spanish frontier, and coming into the war zone, my mind was full of memories of the Great War in which I fought as a common German soldier. I expected to see cities as I had seen them in France: sad deserted streets, men and women with depressed faces, weighed down and fearful, streets haunted by the nightmare of war. I came by car from Perpignan. In the neighbourhood of Barcelona the beaches were full of bathing, happy people. But a few feet behind the beach I saw houses destroyed by bombs. The car drove through the outskirts of Barcelona. People crowded the streets and squares. Posters called from walls. Some reminded the people to resist the rebels and foreign invaders coolly and bravely, others invited them to theatres and concerts, films and literary conferences. Remarkable, I thought. Every war pauses for breath, perhaps in these few days Barcelona is going through a silent, I might almost say a peaceful time—otherwise the city would certainly present a more menacing appearance.

At night, eating the frugal meal in my hotel, I heard the screaming of sirens, and almost before I had fully realised its significance, the lights went out. Overtaken by curiosity, I went into the street. The streaming searchlights swung across the dark sky. If I had not been aware of the seriousness of the moment, and if I had not experienced that extraordinary sensation which makes the knees feel heavy in moments of threatening danger and at the same time sharpens the senses, making them hear and see more clearly, I would have enjoyed the immense display of the lights as an ethereal theatrical show, which served no further purpose than the building up and then taking down of fiery forms; forms which now weave themselves into a dome in which every beam is a blue-green arrow, and now part and immediately direct their meteors into the black, unbending distance.

The beams of light cross and stay still. Near me a voice cries out: "There they are!" Yes, there they are, five aeroplanes imprisoned in the angles of light from twenty Republican searchlights, suddenly grown stiff and frozen. Slowly they fly over the city, shimmering and blinded, puny as children's toys which only in their appearance resemble the murderous weapons of grown-ups. In the sky there hangs a chain of red balls of fire. The air defences fire rockets, the slowly fading balls show them the extent of the distance. A heavy burst of explosions, the Fascists have dropped their first bombs. The Republican anti-aircraft start shooting with a whistling sound and flames forming multiple points, followed by the clear sound of bursting shrapnel. They spring upwards like fireballs and leave floating fans of cloud in the sky. The show lasts ten minutes; then all is silent and dark and over. Over? Forty houses destroyed, twenty-eight men, women and children dead, eighty-four wounded. Military aims? The houses were inhabited by harmless citizens, not manufacturers of munitions. The dead were not soldiers but harmless civilians. Death and life are at close quarters in Spain.

The next day was a Sunday. I had read in the American papers that all the churches were burnt or destroyed, and all religious services were forbidden. I went to a chapel in the Calle de Pines and I attended a crowded Mass. The organ played and a choir sang the old Christian hymns of Catalunya. No police protected the chapel. It did not need to be protected. None dreamt of disturbing the church service. No one dreamt of stopping the believer from going in.

Later I went to the Cathedral, which was only a couple of hundred steps distant; a short time before the so-called defenders of religion had bombed and destroyed the marvellous door of the West Entrance.

Only few people realise that three thousand Catholic priests live undisturbed in Barcelona; that every week two thousand Masses are read in private houses. The Republican Government is prepared to allow the reopening of the churches; the opposition comes from high functionaries of the Church, who are opposed to this not on religious, but political, grounds.

The most striking experience a foreigner has in Barcelona is that of the functioning of democracy. In Fascist States all the relations of men are ruled by fear, the fear of thinking freely, speaking freely, writing freely. Republican Spain is free from fear. You may be Catholic or Protestant, Democrat or Socialist, member of the free trade unions, or revolutionary Syndicalist, Communist or Liberal; you are free to express your convictions. Yet none of these groups, as I discovered, is anxious to pursue now its particular aims. All co-operate in a wise narrowness, in word and deed, for one aim—for freedom and independence of Spain, for the protection and salvation of the fundamentals which alone make possible life and work worthy of humanity.

One has to repeat it and repeat it again: It is a lie that the fight is going on between Communism and Fascism. The Spanish Prime Minister, Juan Negrin, in his programmatory speech, called The Thirteen Points, declared that private property is protected in Spain. The Government is fighting rightly against exploitation of human life, and did just the same things that President Roosevelt strives to do: free the country from the power of economic Royalists. Otherwise you may do what you like. You may own a shop, a department store. You may own a textile factory or a jeweller's. Nobody will interfere with your work.

It is more admirable to see how everybody is protected when one thinks of the difficult conditions under which Spain is fighting. The legitimate Government has an international right to defend itself against a clique of rebels who called German Nazis, Italian Fascists and Mohammedan Moors to fight the war against the Spanish people for them. To say it frankly, the democracies have let down Spain.

One might expect that men who have been outlawed would lose altogether all sense of justice and sneer at an international law which they have seen revealed as phrases and hypocrisy just at the moment when it should be put into practice. Nothing of the sort. Allow me to give you an example.

I have seen with my own eyes the humane treatment of war prisoners, of Nazi pilots and Italian Fascist flyers who have killed dozens of children, dozens of women. I have seen that these prisoners got the same food as the regular soldiers of the Spanish army, far better food than the civilian population. I talked to them for hours. Everybody pretended to have come voluntarily to Franco's aid; even officers of the regular German army—presumably as deserters!

I have not time enough to tell you the details of these discussions, but one sentence I want to tell you, which a lieutenant of the German army, Lieutenant Kurt Kenner from Schwiebus, Province Brandenburg, told me: "We in the German army," he said, "consider the war in Spain as a preparation for and a preventive war against France." May this be a warning to all concerned!

I referred to the food situation of the civil population. Their sacrifices are as heroic as the fight of the soldiers. They are living under the minimum of existence which a man needs. Meat and milk and eggs, fruit and fresh vegetables are unknown to them for weeks on end.

But do not believe that this lack of food will break their resistance. No power in the world will break this will to win. Let me tell you the words of a young woman whom I met, a worker in a munition factory. She said to me: "My stomach is sore with hunger, but it does not matter. One day we shall triumph. There will be time enough to fill the stomach."

I ask you, my friends in America, living witnesses of a war which is fought not only for Spain, but for all democracy: Have we the right to be deaf and blind? Have we not the responsibility which obliges us to help them? Private committees in all democratic countries are doing marvellous work. But the time has come when something more extensive has to

be done. When famine reigned in Russia in 1921, a great man, Fritjof Nansen, organised an international work of assistance. When the German people suffered after the Great War, it was the American administration which spent millions of dollars and authorised Mr. Hoover to send food to Germany.

The United States is to-day led by a man whom the whole world respects as one of the greatest democrats of our time, Franklin Roosevelt. May I be allowed from this broadcasting station in Madrid, a few hundred feet from the front-line trenches, hearing as I speak the roar of bursting grenades and shells, which will kill now sleeping civilians, may I be allowed to appeal to you, Mr. President, with deep deference and profound respect, to take the initiative for a national or international government action to help the civil population of Spain?

What right have I to appeal to you? The right of a human being who has seen the misery of war, who has watched in three weeks seventeen bombings, who has seen in ruined houses and in the morgue the bodies of murdered children who a few hours before were playing and laughing and hoping that the future would bring them that which all of us have a right to expect: "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

ERNST TOLLER

[Mr. Toller's appeal has been followed up by a campaign in America and Europe to obtain food for Spain. It is suggested that governments should be asked to donate and distribute supplies in the manner that world war relief was administered by ex-President Herbert Hoover. The appeal would cover the needs of civilians on both sides of the battle lines. Distribution would be made either by representatives of neutral Governments or by Quaker organisations in co-operation with the Spanish Committees.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

BACK TO THE LAND?

VII. Fruit and Vegetables

SIXTY years ago there were less than 34,000 acres of market garden crops in England and Wales and to-day there are about 230,000, excluding crops under glass. Meanwhile, the population has risen from 23 to 40 millions. Before the war, we were eating 61 lb. of fruit per head per annum and 60 lb. of vegetables other than potatoes, while to-day we eat about 115 lb of fruit and 98 lb. of vegetables as the importance of these items in a health-giving diet become better realised. But Sir John Orr has shown how wide are the discrepancies in the consumption of these commodities in the different income groups. Thirty per cent. of the population are spending under 5*d.* per head per week on fruit and only just over 2*d.* per head per week on vegetables. The lowest group of all spends about 2*d.* per week per head on fruit and perhaps 1½*d.* on vegetables compared with 1*s.* 6*d.* for fruit and 8*d.* for vegetables in the highest group. It is clear that there is room for a big increase in the national consumption of fruit and vegetables—especially vegetables, for their consumption in even the highest group with incomes of over 45*s.* per head is nothing to write home about.

It is almost as important to increase the consumption of fruit and vegetables from the national health point of view as to increase the consumption of milk, and many are in favour of subsidising their consumption on these grounds. The deterrent effect of fruit, especially apples, upon the medical profession is no mere superstition, and vegetables are an invaluable adjunct to the proteins, fats and carbohydrates that cannot alone maintain health. The growth-promoting vitamin A is abundant in green vegetables such as spinach, cabbage leaves, brussels sprouts, peas and watercress. In their raw state they retain the scurvy-preventing vitamin C lost by prolonged boiling. Vegetables tend to counteract acidity. Calcium for hardening bones and teeth is abundant in peas and beans and in the leaves of plants; spinach is rich in the iron essential to forming the red corpuscles; sodium, potassium, iron, phosphorus and sulphur are all found in the root vegetables.

But before deciding too hastily that an enormous State scheme should be launched for subsidising vegetable consumption, it would be wise to consider the present conditions of their production and marketing in broad outline. We are now practically self-supporting in the in-season vegetables, except for onions. The horticultural duties imposed in 1932 seem chiefly responsible for this and have achieved it without any serious complaints from the consumers. For weather conditions are a more important factor in vegetable prices, as a general rule, than imports, and the duties seem to have given the producers just sufficient confidence to go ahead and increase their production, thereby bringing down production costs. Moreover the chief competition in vegetables comes essentially from the near-European countries where similar seasonal weather conditions tend to be experienced. The level of production cost has come down largely through using more machinery to increase output and reduce labour. In the Vale of Evesham I recently met a market gardener who has spent most of his life in the business. He farms 20 acres and his holding used to employ ten men until he began to cultivate his land by power. This reduced his labour needs to six men, and he says that to work his machinery to capacity one hundred acres would be an easier unit to manage than twenty. Another farmer occupying about 1,500 acres now grows about 300 acres of market-garden crops. Tractors plough the land, other machines cultivate not only between the rows but between the plants, and he can fit much of the work in with farming machinery that would be otherwise doing nothing. His farm lorry markets the crop, his farm stock consume what might be surplus and what falls below a high standard for human consumption, and his stock give back to the vegetable land the invaluable organic manure that the specialist market gardener finds so difficult now to obtain. Captain R. G. M. Wilson, who has turned a Lincolnshire desert into one of the most productive spots in England, is following similar methods, only he is supplementing farmyard manure with compost made from weeds, potato haulms, stinging nettles and all the waste vegetable produce of his farm. That way he is getting back into his vegetables the flavour and the healthy appearance that are being lost from so many vegetables stimulated by artificial manures alone, and he builds up humus in the soil. Mr. F. A. Secrett, prince of market gardeners, is another example of how expert organisation and technical skill have increased output and lowered production costs. He also stresses the need for organic manures in market gardening and has warned us that parts of Bedfordshire are being turned into arid desert from the lack of them.

These developments are important because they raise new problems in market gardening that used to be the small man's preserve. Can the small men compete with the larger concerns that have such advantages? It looks as if the only hope of the small concern is when it is run collectively with others, so that preparation of the land, buying and selling of requirements and produce and grading can be collectively done, and perhaps even then it must be allied with livestock husbandry to consume surplus or under-standard produce, even if the more extensive use of compost-making can make the small man self-supporting in organic fertilisers. Another important development in market gardening is the expansion of the glasshouse industry in the past ten years. Unfortunately no proper figures exist to show what this has been, but it is probably upwards of 1,000 acres of glass (costing nearly £5,000 per acre to erect), in this period, or an increase approaching 100 per cent. In Lancashire alone the best part of 300 acres of glass have gone up in this time and it is being found that there is an unsuspected and unsatisfied demand for fresh tomatoes and lettuce among those who live in the great towns of the North and often work in an atmosphere that understandably creates an appetite for fresh, cool, light food. That appetite shows no sign yet of

being over-sated and even in such unlikely places as the small market towns of Wiltshire fresh demand is being uncovered for tomatoes and lettuce that can be offered in really good condition. A firm, juicy tomato is food for a king, but a blowsy tomato does not merit a thank-you from a beggar; unfortunately not all our growers fully realise that yet.

And so, before launching out into any schemes for subsidising vegetable consumption, it might be well to establish, in the interests of national health, some such organisation as the National Milk Publicity Council to do the same job for vegetables, coupled with measures to improve the general standard of what is marketed. Such a body would give lectures and demonstrations in the health value of vegetables, hold cooking demonstrations, organise vegetable shows in the big consuming centres. Advertising would be on the lines of informing consumers what particular vegetables were cheap and good at a particular time, and, as with milk, not a little of this organisation's work would lie in trying to persuade retailers to increase their profits rather by a larger turnover than by a higher margin. If we became self-supporting in onions, another 23,000 acres of this vegetable would be required, but onions lie for so long in the ground and involve so much hand labour that the objective may well be thought not worth while. Apart from this crop, an expansion in market gardening in England must come about from increasing the demand rather than by replacing imports. Tomatoes come in rather a different category, for they are affected by imports from the Channel Islands—which count as an Empire source—and from foreign countries. Here the best solution would seem to be to adjust home, Channel Island and foreign supplies so that each serves the market when its peak of production is highest.

Apples and pears are the two most likely sources for increased home fruit production, apples particularly. For although we are practically self-supporting in cooking apples, only four dessert apples in every fifty that we eat come from our own orchards. Acreage figures for dessert and cooking apples are not at all clear in the official returns, but probably all our dessert apples come from not more than 40,000 acres of orchards. An increase of 30 per cent. ought to be within the bounds of possibility if we could find better means of combating frost. Frost causes a disarrangement in supplies that makes it most difficult to plan the industry. In 1934 we produced over 8 million cwt. of apples, but the next year two nights of May frost brought production down to under 1½ million cwt., followed by 7½ million the next year and probably something under 2 million this year. The frost may not be an insuperable enemy. Orchard heating by oil stoves has given some quite encouraging results and an improvement in the type of stove may give better results still. Other investigations are taking place to find out the possibilities of using the permanent pipes used for spraying to spray out warm air when frost is feared at a dangerous time. We have also learnt that the once accepted practice of planting orchards in sheltered hollows on a south slope, often protected by tree-belts, is the best way of inviting frost damage, and orchards are safer on northerly slopes on rising ground where the frost will flow away. Some even believe that frost can be run off by digging wide trenches through the orchard.

The greatest expense in apple production is spraying. If spraying could be dispensed with, about £30 per acre could be saved and it is still possible that the day may come when a means of feeding and fertilising apple trees will be discovered that will make them so resistant to pests that spraying can be dispensed with or greatly reduced. Great progress has been made in the quality of our apple production and now for the first time the best quality English apples are competing in bulk with the imported. Voluntary marketing organisations are springing up in the chief producing areas and here also progress is being made, although it is still possible to find English apples almost unprocurable in some parts of England when they are being given away in Kent. But perhaps the greatest discovery has been gas storage, whereby apples and pears can be preserved in perfect condition in the carbon dioxide that they themselves breathe out. Apples from last year have thus been preserved until this July—although at present it is probably uneconomic to keep them after May—and pears until March, which means doubling the season in which English pears are procurable. This discovery has the double advantage of affording a means for taking an open season glut off the market and of selling English apples through the early part of the year. The initial attraction was the opportunity of selling at a high price in the spring, but it is quite likely that it will be succeeded by a different point of view that regards storage as a means of evening out supplies to the market, even if it involves selling some stored apples at times at a loss.

Our pear acreage is small—only about 12,000—and if English pears can be sold up to March instead of December, there is obviously room for a modest increase. But this climate, on the whole, is just a shade too cold for the best results in pear production. It is here we must look to the breeder to produce a good cropping pear that is a little better suited to our conditions before we would be wise to embark upon any increase in our pear acreage on a large scale.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

Correspondence

LETTERS ON THE CRISIS

[The following is a small selection from a huge correspondence on the crisis.]

SIR,—The enthusiastic reception given to Mr. Neville Chamberlain on his return from the first meeting of the new Holy Alliance suggests that, in the opinion of the great majority of the English people, no price is too high to pay for averting war, especially when the price is paid by other people. At the moment the paying is being done exclusively by Czechoslovakia and the English and French peoples are congratulating themselves on having lost nothing except honour. They may have a rude awakening, perhaps in a not-distant future.

There is a great deal to be said for the doctrine that any peace, even a dishonourable peace gained at the expense of another nation, is better than war, and, for my part, if that is really the opinion of the generation in England and France who would have to bear the chief brunt of war—a point on which I am very doubtful—I am prepared to subscribe to it, but only on one condition, namely, that the doctrine is applied to all war and that those who hold it are prepared to disarm England unilaterally and to disband the army and navy. For the present, capitulation to Hitler is justifiable only from the point of view of absolute pacificism. From any other point of view it is as shameful as it is imbecile.

If war is ever justifiable, it was justifiable in the present case, not merely on moral grounds but on those of national interest. As an official of the Foreign Office said in my presence not long ago, the question was not whether we should defend Czechoslovakia, but whether we should allow Europe to become an international pigsty. Let us clear our minds of cant. The "great western democracies" have destroyed Czechoslovakia, one of the few democracies left in Europe, after having done their best to destroy democracy in Spain. What will be left of Czechoslovakia cannot maintain an independent existence, either politically or economically, and must inevitably become a vassal State of Germany and ultimately be absorbed in the German Empire, if Hitler thinks it worth while. The guarantee that we have offered to Czechoslovakia is insult added to injury. Would any honest man dare to say that England and France will ever fight to defend the frontiers of the new Czechoslovakia? We know that they will not, and so do the Czechoslovaks. Let us drop this piece of arrant hypocrisy.

That France is weakened by the capitulation at Munich is evident. The disappearance of the Czechoslovak fortifications means that at least 25 German divisions will be released for an attack on France. Moreover, Bohemia is one of the most important strategic positions on the European Continent. It is a truism that the power that controls Bohemia is in a position, if it possesses the necessary military strength, to control Central and Eastern Europe. Bohemia will in future be under the effective control of the greatest military power in Europe. In

abandoning Czechoslovakia to Hitler we have abandoned the key position, and nothing can stop him from becoming the master of Central and Eastern Europe—nothing, that is, except war, and war in conditions far more favourable to Germany than those at present existing. When Hitler reaches the Dardanelles, we shall, perhaps, realise that British interests, too, were sacrificed at Munich. A war may be defensive on the part of any given country even though it has not been invaded or threatened with invasion. As Mr. F. A. Voigt has pointed out in *Unto Caesar*, in the present state of international anarchy, for which British policy is mainly responsible, even a preventive war may in certain circumstances be a defensive war.

In fact, however, there has never been a danger of war in the present case. Neither the French nor the British Government has ever had any intention of going to war with Germany in any circumstances, and Hitler has known, at least for some weeks past, that he could do as he liked with impunity. About a month ago I had occasion to learn the views on this point of three diplomatists of different nationalities, the Foreign Minister of an important country, and two ambassadors accredited to different European capitals. They were all convinced that the French Government would not fulfil its obligations under the treaty of alliance with Czechoslovakia. They were equally convinced that Hitler would never dare to risk a European war. If England, France, and Russia had told Hitler categorically that, if he attacked Czechoslovakia, they would all go to war with him, he would never have dared to make such an attack. The British Government, however, merely told Hitler that they would support France, if France were drawn into war by her treaty obligations. Thus, the whole responsibility was put on the French Government, and it was clear to anybody who knew M. Daladier and M. Bonnet that they would never venture to take the initiative. It was also clear that the British Government would do everything possible to give them an excuse for evading their obligations.

The attitude of M. Bonnet confirmed this opinion. In a conversation with a certain delegation during the flying visit that he paid to Geneva on September 11th, M. Bonnet said that the position of France was almost desperate. If there were war, Italy would certainly intervene on the side of Germany, Poland would at the best maintain a malevolent neutrality and France would have to fight on three fronts, and that would be like jumping off the Eiffel Tower. On the other hand, if Hitler had his way in Czechoslovakia he would become the master of Central and Eastern Europe and France would ultimately sink to the level of a third-class power. It would have been different, M. Bonnet said, if the British Government had been willing to say categorically that England would fight if Germany attacked Czechoslovakia. When M. Bonnet returned to Paris, he gave his colleagues in the Cabinet an inaccurate account, to put it moderately, of what Mr. Litvinov had said to him in the course of a conversation at Geneva, and gave them to understand that Russia would hold aloof in the event of war. He even went so far as to inspire a statement in the French press that Russia had been asked to engage in military conversations with France and had refused. Without any doubt M. Bonnet was working with M. Flandin and the other advocates of the abandonment of Czechoslovakia.

One of the reasons why many people besides the three diplomatists mentioned were convinced that France would violate her treaty obligations was the refusal of the British and French Governments to agree to military conversations with Russia, although on their own showing Russia would be their ally in the event of war. That refusal continued even when the British and French Governments had begun making war preparations. It would have been impossible had those preparations been meant seriously. It is now clear that they were not. It has been semi-officially announced in Paris that on September 27th, the day after Mr. Chamberlain sent Sir Horace Wilson to Berlin, the French Ambassador to Berlin on M. Bonnet's instructions proposed to Hitler an extension (*élargissement*) of the Anglo-French proposals of September 19th, which would allow Germany to occupy on October 1st the whole of the territory to be ceded to Germany according to the Godesberg ultimatum. Thus, on that date the French Government capitulated completely to Hitler. Further, according to the French semi-official statement, it was M. Bonnet who suggested that the British Government should ask Mussolini to intervene with Hitler. Mr. Chamberlain did not mention these facts in his speech in the House of Commons on September 28th, although he must have known them. Presumably, he had been asked by the French Government not to mention them, for it can hardly be supposed that he wished to borrow feathers from M. Bonnet's wings. Yet it is clear that the Angel of Peace was not Mr. Chamberlain but M. Bonnet, for the latter took the initiative in saving the peace of Europe. On September 28th, Mr. Chamberlain informed Hitler that he could "get all essentials without war and without delay," and the Munich meeting merely registered the capitulation.

Is it not clear that the British and French publics have been the victims of another ramp of the same character as the famous Abyssinian ramp in 1935? The British and French military preparations were an extremely expensive stage—set with the twofold purpose of frightening the British and French peoples into capitulating to the Godesberg ultimatum and of enabling Chamberlain, Daladier and Bonnet to pose as the men who saved Europe from war. Incidentally, the British Angel of Peace will no doubt secure an overwhelming majority in the General Election that is to be expected in the near future. As in 1935.

7 Av. Gaspance-Vallette, ROBERT DELL
Geneva.

SIR,—In November, 1935, the present Government was returned to office pledged, in Sir Samuel Hoare's words, to "the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and particularly to steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." The Four-Power agreement which Mr. Chamberlain brought back from Munich—whatever else we may say or feel about it—represented a complete and unqualified repudiation of the League of Nations and all it stands for, and it is already being hailed in Germany as such. The logical culmination of Mr. Chamberlain's policy is a Four-Power pact, excluding the U.S.S.R., and there is reason also to share the apprehension recently expressed by the League of Nations Union "lest the final ruin of democratic Spain should be made part of the price of Signor Mussolini's participation at the Munich Conference." This policy, far from bringing peace in our time, can only lead to a repetition and intensification of the agony of the last weeks. As soon as Herr Hitler's ambitions clash with some "vital Imperial interest" we shall be lined up for war, no doubt under the best of slogans. It may be confidently predicted that the attempt to regiment the whole population on a war basis—with a consequent curtailment of democratic liberties—will be embarked on almost immediately.

For those of us who, hating war as well as Fascism, are yet forced to accept these conclusions, there is one urgent question: What are we going to do about it? There is, surely, only one answer. If the practical weakness of the opposition forces in the last few weeks proves anything at all it is the need for a People's Front united on a programme of immediate action. Alarm at the international situation created by the Munich Conference is far more widespread than the bouquets showered on Mr. Chamberlain would suggest, and it is now well within the realm of practical politics to call on all progressive parties, societies and individuals, to unite in support of some such demands as these:

(1) The immediate summoning of an international conference, including the U.S.S.R., to take up the question of arms limitation, leading to disarmament, and of a general pact of economic collaboration. This conference should be open to all nations prepared to commit themselves to the rule of law in international affairs, *and the possibility that certain nations might refuse to attend must not be accepted as a reason for not calling it*. The moral effect on the peoples of those countries of a genuine offer of peaceful collaboration and the settlement of grievances would be enormous.

(2) Continued support, financial and other, for the people of Czechoslovakia.

(3) Immediate and unconditional withdrawal of all foreign troops from Spain.

(4) Unceasing attempts to reach the German people, by broadcasts and other means, in order to assure them of the good will of the people of this country. The Nazi regime is the product of the spite of Versailles, and it must be categorically asserted that "the settlement of grievances" includes the settlement of German grievances in common with those of other nations. Not only must there be no attempt on the part of the "democracies" to bully or dictate to the German people, there must not even be *the appearance* of any such attempt.

(5) The nationalisation of the armaments industry at home, combined with genuine defence measures on the lines indicated by Professor Haldane in his recent book on A.R.P.

(6) The maintenance of our Civil Liberties.

Black as the prospects are, the international situation at least provides us with an opportunity to organise a People's Party,

committed to a supreme effort of constructive imagination which is at the same time far more practical than the so-called realistic politics that have brought Europe to its present plight. Although the problem of international reconstruction is enormous and complicated, indissolubly bound up as it is with the problem of far-reaching social reconstruction within each country, it is not beyond the powers of human intelligence and good will to solve it. To fight in this faith is the only course open to those who are prepared to assert the human values which we ourselves have inherited only as the result of centuries of effort by others. The alternative is to wait in despairing fatalism for the end of our civilisation.

L. C. KNIGHTS

The University of Manchester,
Manchester, 13.

SIR,—Now that the rattling of Left-wing sabres, the swishing of Fascist olive branches, and the imperialistic shouts of the Communists have died down, I think you should open your columns to at least one letter from an ordinary citizen in defence of Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

It seems to be taken for granted by a large section of opinion that war has been averted for the time being only, and that a precarious peace has been purchased at the cost of a sacrifice of honour and justice.

It will be admitted that almost every plain citizen in this country experienced deep thankfulness when Mr. Chamberlain's efforts fructified. This appears to be dismissed in certain quarters as merely national emotion of relief. Surely such feelings are valid in so far as they reflect the plain man's desire to avoid the monstrous horror of war in a cause which is to him, to say the least of it, obscure.

It is argued that a firm stand of H.M. Government in the early stages would have brought about a peaceful triumph for collective security. Those who know the German mentality, and that of their leader, must have wished they could have felt such enviable certainty. As for considerations of honour and justice, surely it is a good thing that the preservation of common folk should for once take precedence over the theory that a Government is capable of signing away the honour of a people.

I speak for many millions when I say that at last here is a God-sent opportunity to heal the festering Versailles sores, which have at least supplied Adolf Hitler with a ready-made case for their removal. The belligerent vigour of the German people cannot be bottled up, and all the efforts at collective security since 1918 have not seemed to give the world so fine a chance as that created by Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Least of all let us not indulge in destructive criticism, and let us not in the name of sanity allow a political prejudice against action, which cannot be undone, to blind us to the opportunity within our grasp.

THEODORE YARDLEY

3a Victoria Grove, W.8.

SIR,—One result of the crisis is obvious to any but the blindest adherent of the Labour Party. It is the immense popularity of Chamberlain and the complete lack of confidence in Labour, both in the genuineness of its intention to make peace and its ability and willingness to defend us in war. If it is to secure or deserve any return of confidence from the average Englishman it must clarify its mind and recover its energies.

There are at present only two possibilities on the horizon. One is the renewal of the crisis when Germany demands her colonies. One is the formation of a Four-Power Holy Alliance, and a united use of force to hold down a redistributed colonial empire. It is up to Progressives to provide a third choice. For the last time, perhaps, the Socialist parties of Britain and France have the opportunity of making a genuine contribution to peace by publicly renouncing the punitive spirit of the Versailles settlement, clearly asserting the claims of the subject majorities in their colonies, and calling immediately for a peace conference to create the machinery of international government.

Besides the points emphasised in the letters of Leonard Barnes and others, of Owen Samson, and of ourselves, three other essentials of lasting peace must be kept in the foreground.

(1) In the cultural domain a poignant lesson of the crisis is how war fear feeds on language differences. Is it too much to ask that linguistic humanists, like the younger generation of scientific workers, will now become alert to the social responsibilities of their professional studies? Can there be any united front of progressive culture unless they, too, seek "the true and lawful goal of science to endow human life with new powers and inventions," by uniting in the demand for, and promoting by general agreement the use of, a world language of common world citizenship?

Cities threatened by thermite do not need humanists who are merely grammarians. They call for a crusade by grammarians who are also humanists. What is best in Western culture cannot be preserved by shutting our eyes to our cultural shortcomings, when there is so pressing a need for proper remedies. The cultural united front "in defence of our social heritage" is a paralysing negation which soon becomes a conservative rally to a privileged curriculum. In a world which is ripe for constructive innovation, it exacts its own penalty, by surrendering the divine fire of novelty to the perpetual custody of its adversaries.

(2) In defence we have to choose between two courses. The "anti" mind is content to tell us how cheap it is to tunnel into the earth till the dictators have died off. The constructive alternative is to recognise that peace is expensive, and that the public is ripe for the recognition that war is more expensive. The peace-yearning temper of a public habituated to gas-masks and to proposals for sudden evacuation is ready for a challenging policy of constructive pacification. Intelligently conceived, such a policy would simultaneously destroy the grosser evils of urban congestion and the temptation which large cities offer as military objectives. It can put new and bold proposals for immediate large-scale reform to a public which has now learned that private property would become meaningless when war breaks out.

One immediate policy is to break up London into a constellation of small towns by demolishing tracts of built-up lands for conversion into open spaces between existing parks and public gardens. Subways for the traffic prohibited in the intervening green belts would provide shelter in crisis, greatly diminish the risks of the spread of fire, and reduce the possibilities of material damage from the inescapably promiscuous character of aerial marksmanship in proportion to the reduction of damageable floor-space.

Arising out of this is an immediate examination of the advantages of demolishing office buildings under five storeys high, and replacing them by blocks built up to the maximum height compatible with subsoil requirements, to provide sanctuary at the top from heavy gases and a still larger area of vacant floor space to localise damage from fire. Constructive proposals have been dismissed as costly before. The nation will now look to leaders who budget in terms of what *war* costs.

(3) A policy of constructive pacification conceived in these terms will be a first step towards a realistic treatment of the distribution of population in anticipation of the forthcoming crisis, when the consequences of fertility far below the survival minimum force us to face new dangers of extinction. The redress of balance between town and country raises the related issue of food production. The "anti" mind is content to prescribe depots for storing Empire-grown foodstuffs and demands a food dictatorship of economists. Implicitly, therefore, it recognises that the price of Empire Free Trade is a war in defence of Empire Trade routes. Constructive pacification recognises this inescapable implication, and calls for biologists, chemists and engineers to draw a bold plan for creating collective farms under scientific management.

LANCELOT HOGBEN
J. F. HORRABIN
RAYMOND POSTGATE

SIR,—While the country is deliberating the implications of the Munich agreement, will you allow me to stress this conclusion from the crisis? If the occasion is seized and rightly seized, we now have in front of us an unparalleled opportunity of strengthening the anti-war forces in the world. There can and will be endless debate on the conduct of British policy during the last three weeks and on the merits or demerits of the Munich settlement. But the one outstanding and, in the long run, decisive factor in this crisis has been the recognition of the criminal folly and futility of war on the part of the ordinary people in all countries and not least in Germany; a recognition which, as far as statesmen are concerned, found its authentic voice in the two messages sent to Europe by the President of the United States.

It is now for all the peace and progressive organisations in this country to unite in securing the full collaboration of our Government in the attempt to find the general and genuine settlement for which Mr. Roosevelt has asked. It is surely right to say that the people of this country are now in a mood to consider the contribution they have to make to world peace on the basis of such a settlement with a more open mind than ever before. They

realise that only in this way can the sacrifices imposed upon Czechoslovakia be made morally acceptable and a true guarantee of peace.

GERALD BAILEY,
Directing Secretary
National Peace Council,
39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

SIR,—The enthusiastic reception of Mr. Chamberlain by the Bavarians and the evident desire of the German people as a whole for peace, in spite of the tremendous volume of one-sided propaganda to which they have been continuously subjected, is surely one of the most inspiring signs of our time. In the last war Mr. Smith and Herr Schmidt bombed and shelled and bayoneted each other, and neither got anything out of this "heroism" except death or disillusionment.

It is by the uniting of the Smiths and Schmidts with the average people in other countries in a refusal to sacrifice themselves and their families, knowing the utter uselessness of it, and by their absolute insistence upon a free press and the free exchange of viewpoints that they can render the war-mongers powerless and give democracy lasting peace and its only chance of happiness.

A million spent on good-fellowship visits to foreign countries by the Smiths and Schmidts of the Great War and others who have learnt its lessons would indeed be a better investment than a million spent on armaments.

(I write as an ex-officer, wounded three times, by shell, bullet, and aeroplane bomb before I was 21.)

ULRIC NISBET
Sharpitor, Salcombe, S. Devon.

SIR,—Mr. Chamberlain recently gave us a quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. One from *Richard II* seems to fit the situation more aptly:

> England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
> Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
> With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
> That England that was wont to conquer others
> Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

EDWARD WHITLEY
Kilmorie,
Meadfoot, Torquay.

SIR,—Although a French citizen, I have no inside knowledge (so to speak) of our Ministers' feet, but no illusion either; and I was quite ready to believe Mr. Werth when he told the world how cold they were. Since then, I have read Mr. Chamberlain's speech to the House, and I no longer think that all the blame should fall on the French Cabinet. They showed a deplorable lack of mettle in not trying to force England's hand, if only by tugging on the leash, but they may well have despaired of success.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that we both granted to justice what I rather suspect we conceded to fear. The final settlement roughly follows the lines of the Runciman report. Now, the Sudeten Germans constitute 22 per cent. of the population of the Czechoslovakian State; when they enter the Reich, they will take along with them as many as 50 per cent. Czechs, not counting those Germans that had rather keep at some distance from the Nazis. How such an arrangement can be pronounced fair and equitable is beyond me.

What if Mr. Runciman had been sent to Prague to put the screw gradually on the Czechs? And, in fact, every turn, it appears, raised immediate clamours on the part of the Germans for an extra squeeze, which he has promptly applied. In London, they nodded approval, and the French knew that they approved. Is it surprising that they should have conceived doubts as to what extent they should be assisted in resisting a dismemberment which their partners considered justifiable? Of course, there was the Lanark speech, very guarded and conditional, about events that might well prove different from what they should be; but there was also Mr. Chamberlain's desire, as expressed to Mr. Hitler, "to find a solution which would not automatically compel France to take action in accordance with her obligations." What wonder if the French were relieved to creep through any gap in the hedge, when the English were so busy making one for them! And so they watched Mr. Chamberlain conceding more and more "essentials," until Mr. Hitler "could get them all without war and without delay." This method for peace-makers does seem fairly easy to master. How far it may triumph over brute force and save civilisation is a more difficult problem—unless treaties hinder civilisation.

We have now to learn what cordiality can henceforth subsist in the Entente. If it is a means of keeping us bound hand and foot, instead of increasing our possibilities for action, I am afraid it will be short-lived. It is queer to think that England has so far lent a hand whenever a blow was struck at the Treaty of Versailles. When Hitler begins building ships, will she, I wonder, turn longing eyes to us, or offer him our colonies?

E. M. REYNAUD
31 rue du Mont-Gargan, Rouen.

SIR,—During the recent war scare I did at any rate receive comfortable reassurance on one point. Whatever the catastrophe that may have overtaken us we should not have lost our nice sense of social distinctions.

I was being questioned by an official who wished to ascertain how many refugees I could house from the thickly populated industrial areas should the need arise. "Of course," he assured me, "a local committee will sort them out and see that only those who are of gentle birth are drafted to the better houses." When I expressed the hope that I should get the Duke of Windsor he appeared to think I was lacking in taste. No doubt I am.

T. E. B.
Marple.

SIR,—In the last weeks many of your richer readers will have taken in large stores of food, the presence of which will now be both an embarrassment and an inconvenience. May I remind them, through your columns, that there is still a war on, a war for democracy, in which the starvation of the civilian population will reach the lowest depths during the coming winter? In Spain their tinned foods, their sacks of sugar, their first-aid boxes are desperately needed, and I would beg them to relieve their cupboards and their consciences by sending their hoarded goods to the Chelsea Committee for Spanish Relief.

A postcard to me will ensure that they are fetched within a few days.

CONSTANCE GOODMAN,
Joint Hon. Secretary
38 Godfrey Street, S.W.3.

SIR,—I asked a cynical but poetically minded friend how he accounted for the fact that the Duce had so briskly and commendably exchanged the *passo Romano* for a Peace Parade by the side of M. Daladier and Mr. Chamberlain. My friend reminded me that when the Butcher and the Beaver—both engaged in pursuit of the Snark—chanced to meet in a dismal and desolate valley:

> The valley grew narrow and narrower still,
> And the evening got darker and colder,
> Till (merely from nervousness, not from goodwill)
> They marched along shoulder to shoulder.

E. W. F.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Controversial Topics

LAST week, excruciating though it proved at every moment to our over-strained nerves, enjoyed a singular outward beauty. September went down in a slanting golden sun, touching our familiar landscapes with a light so rich and mellow as to preclude all suggestion of irony. It seemed, indeed, inconceivable that devastation should fall suddenly on such a scene. Looking across at the harmless sunlit hills, the mind rejected the conception of fantastic violence. Men might be digging trenches in their gardens, and reason encouraged them to do so; but still some deep old stupid optimism lurked, telling them that this was only a precautionary measure, not really (not in the last resort) necessary. They joked as they dug, and it was hard to tell whether their joking or their digging was the more sincere.

I suppose that the psychological effect of last week acted upon all of us differently. None of us could have predicted what curious associations of thought it would set up in our minds, as a reaction after the immediate danger had passed temporarily away. For my own part, it started very vividly into life two subjects upon which I have always found it very difficult to make a final and comprehensive decision: bloodsports, and vivisection. I know quite well what my instinctive answer is to both: instant and complete condemnation. But then contributory considerations creep in, and I find myself

unable to press my answer to its logical conclusion—a very distressing position for a person of logical and argumentative temper.

I have tried seriously and painfully to discover my final feelings on these matters. I care seriously about them both, for the sake of civilisation and the sake of animals. Unfortunately, the more deeply one cares, the more bad thinking one is likely to bring to the argument.

Blood-sports

Blood-sports is the easier problem of the two. All truly civilised men and women must recoil in horror before the scenes associated with stag-hunting and otter-hunting; and even fox-hunting, which appeals to many either on account of the qualities it calls out in man and horse, or on account of the mischievous and unendearing character of the victim, or merely because it forms a picturesque and traditional adjunct to the countryside, meets with considerable disapproval. But are we to push our disapproval farther, and condemn also the man who takes out his gun in the hope of bagging a brace of pheasants, or the man who endeavours to deal with the nuisance of rabbits, or even the fisherman who pursues his quiet pleasure with certainly no thought of cruelty in his mind? The answer would seem to be that we must accept a killing for necessary food, where the pursued stands at least as good a chance as the pursuer, while censuring wholeheartedly those revoltingly organised excursions on a grand scale, arranged purely for the gratification, glorification, and blood-lust of man.

Vivisection

Here a real anguish of doubt and indecision enters my soul. Is it better to let a man suffer an obscure disease than to sacrifice a guinea-pig? Obviously, no. Then, the principle once established, where are we to draw the line? No one, I suppose, would deny that much valuable information has been obtained through experiments on animals, and many of us would accept without much difficulty the idea of experiments carried out as humanely as possible on, say, mice and rats. (One instance of very usual bad thinking is that our sympathy varies in ratio to the size of the animal, and also in proportion to the animal's attractive or unattractive nature.) Yet in spite of this tolerance a point must come where the most callous will boggle. A dog—your own dog—would you give him up for the advancement of science? Those trustful brown eyes, that paw laid on your knee? Supposing you saw even a photograph of him in agonies on the operating table, what would you feel then about vivisection? "But," says the surgeon, "you have admitted the principle; to jib now is surely mere sentimentality."

We sigh. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is just bad thinking again that is making us so inconsistent. We know very well, however, that we have reached a wall which we find it impossible to cross. What are we finally to concede?

We must concede that human benefit comes first; and, having done that, assure ourselves that the precise gain to our knowledge can be acquired in no other way. Thereafter we must assure ourselves that the most stringent legislation, supported by official inspection carried out without warning, shall at least ensure that only essential experiments are undertaken, with the minimum of suffering whether mental or physical to the animal concerned. I should like to write here, more sweepingly, "only essential and associated with the compulsory use of anaesthetics," but I know, horrible thought, that certain brain operations can only be usefully performed during the full consciousness of the victim. I should like to write also that the more sensitive and intelligent animals should be wholly spared, but here again I fear that those better informed than I will protest that none but the highly developed subject is suitable for certain purposes. It is a grim thought. I could endure the sacrifice of frogs and rats, but there are other sacrifices which I find it impossible to contemplate.

Thus far my inconclusive reflections lead me, and at this point I realise as I have often realised before that the only constructive solution I have to offer is in favour of the most severe control and an almost unlimited judicial power of punishment.

V. SACKVILLE WEST

A CARE KILLER

Spring Meeting has been running some months at the Ambassadors Theatre, and with the prospect of continuing to draw amused and grateful audiences for a long time to come. I did not see it till September 23rd, a night of general anxiety. That night I forgot for a while impending possibilities, and my impression was that others in the theatre did so, too. It was a full house, and responsive. In short, *Spring Meeting* is probably the best care-killer in London. Out of gratitude for a few hours of distraction and laughter I will try to describe this light, delightful little comedy.

Miss Farrell's novels amuse and please many, and after watching this play, written by her in collaboration with Mr. John Perry, I can well believe that, as a novelist, she combines fun, wit and sympathy in a manner which many readers thoroughly enjoy. I cannot, alas! any longer lose myself in fiction which gives me no more than that. But when a story of that kind is really well interpreted on the stage, then I surrender myself to it gratefully. In reading fiction I have to be very interested to start with in the characters, the theme, the situation, to make those things vivid to my imagination and therefore to read on. And, I am sorry to say, I have to be beguiled (which proves that I am a poor novel-reader) by literary skill to tolerate description. But when a character like Miss Bijou Furze (thanks to such perfect acting as Miss Margaret Rutherford's) lives and moves before my very eyes, all of a-piece in gesture, intonations and behaviour—then I am fascinated. Miss Bijou on the stage, poor old dilapidated thing, at once sloven and lady, victim and

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nuisance, is a rare example of artistic collaboration between actor and dramatist. I *must*, though in any case I shall never forget her, see Miss Bijou once more. The authors have seen to it that her relations to the other characters, to her brother, the Irish racing squire, Sir Richard Furze, to his two daughters, "Baby" and Joan, her nieces, to the gay Fox-Colliers, intruders from another world, and to the servants of the Hall, shall be absolutely consistent; and then, Miss Rutherford makes her live with a perfection which is a triumph of sympathetic yet unsparing comic understanding. Nor does Miss Rutherford's acting stand alone in excellence. In the small part of Johnny Mahoney, Mr. W. G. Fay, who was one of the most accomplished actors of the Irish dramatic movement in the early years of the century, gives a perfect performance. For too many years Mr. W. G. Fay disappeared from our ken. But though Johnny Mahoney, the feckless, intractable, devoted retainer, is a part pitched in one key, that of fantastical, naturalistic Irish comedy, those who saw Mr. Fay, say, in Synge's *The Well of the Saints*, must have greeted with joy the reappearance in London of an artist. Then, there is "Baby" Furze, age nineteen, played by Miss Betty Chancellor, who has a remarkable talent for representing the candour of youth. How good she was in *The Moon and the Yellow River*, and in Lady Longford's charade of Irish family high-life, given at the Westminster a year ago! She is mistress of the rare art of making ungracefulness attractive, and pathos amusing. She acts to perfection the *enfant terrible* who does not spare herself, and disarms by being absolutely natural; speaking out of herself and reading everybody else like a book. It is a part made for Miss Betty Chancellor. Last, but not least, there is Mr. Arthur Sinclair, who as James, butler, tyrant, philosopher and devoted friend to the Furze family, plays the axis-part on which the play turns, and also contributes so much to the atmosphere of ramshackle, go-as-you-please life in an Irish country house. (Racing horses in the stables, but not enough money for fires or baths; fine old silver and not enough cake to go round at tea.) This tolerance of discomfort, accompanied with frantic protests, and of complete liberty enjoyed equally by servants and members of the family to be *themselves;* this recognition of each other's humanity, at all times, in spite of differences of age and station, makes the atmosphere extremely exhilarating, especially to English audiences. The absence of English pedantry and pomposity in running an estate and the absurdities and apparent contradictions of master and servant both knowing their places so well that they need not keep them, so that their dignity is the last thing they worry about, is most refreshing and productive of excellent comedy: "James" sternly reproving Miss Bijou for saying that the pretty Mrs. Fox-Collier is after Sir Richard and will catch him, "Miss Bijou, that is not the sort of thing to say to a servant," yet at another time ordering her off peremptorily to bed; "James" forbidding Miss Baby to wear her fur coat and sending her off to a ball in a mackintosh; and "James" listening at midnight to the desperate love-confidences of Miss Joan, who, he knows, is in danger of withering on the stalk as he has seen poor Miss Bijou, whose only pleasures now are secret betting and nips from the bottle—these situations are entirely convincing. What a part! Those who recall Mr. Arthur Sinclair's clipped, rhythmic speech and the expressiveness of his spare gestures can imagine how much he makes of it; but they will also know what I mean when I accuse him of sometimes enlarging his part beyond its proper limits. His natural delight in his own comic virtuosity leads him to over-act at moments. Notably when, on following Miss Bijou up to bed to see she has got her bottle and her racing cuttings, he kicks up his leg behind to get a laugh; or when he over-acts his disgust at the cheap scent with which Miss Baby has sprinkled herself to enhance her attractions. He must be a difficult actor to "produce," for he is greedy; so sure of his command of laughter that he cannot resist getting more than his share. At the same time he is such a good actor that even when he acts badly, he acts *well*. If he does not know what his danger is after all these years, he ought to be told so in print. But he sustains the pivot part of *Spring Meeting* magnificently.

Sir Richard (Mr. Roger Livesey) is an excellent character. As his youngest daughter says of him, "He's divine to strangers. Champagne and the best of brandy, and putting all his charm across. You don't live here month after month with never a soul to speak to. Never a fire to warm yourself except in the kitchen. Never a drink or a hot bath. Just bone mean. Twenty-five pounds a year dress allowance, and sixpence out of that for the plate every Sunday. Stop me if I'm being disloyal. . . ." Her new-found and not very distinctly drawn lover (more of a son than a lover) Tony Fox-Collier exclaims, "What an old basket he must be!" "No," she says, "not altogether, he will sometimes do a thing like paying for Michael to be a vet" (Michael is the peasant boy who looks after the Squire's stud and who thinks it dishonourable to Sir Richard to marry Miss Joan Furze, though she is longing for him). "And he gave Joan and me our fur coats—not that James ever lets me wear mine." Then she goes on to groan over their lives as girls at home, ending with the cry, "if I could only read and write properly, I'd go off and earn my living as a governess"; a speech which prepares us for the moving, as well as gently comic, midnight scene between the heartsick Joan and James, who is more fatherly than Sir Richard. There is a deeper point when Joan, having proclaimed her intention of marrying Michael, is bitterly disgusted when he dares not follow her lead—deserts her, in fact, rather than offend his benefactor and master. "Sure it's long past your understanding, child," says James, reprovingly. "The gentry have no fear of what one would say to them. They'd give as good as they'd get back to any man." "So would anyone who was half a man," Joan retorts. Then James explains: "We that served the gentry and our fathers before us, when it comes to the big thing, we have neither courage nor words. 'Tis in the blood." But he won't let

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her think badly of Michael, who is "a fine gallant boy for all that." And so it comes right in the end. "Baby" also gets her Tony and Sir Richard his love of former days, Tony's mother, whom Miss Zena Dare plays with that natural, amiable vivacity, which enhances her "endearing young charms," still as fresh as ever.

The atmosphere of this light comedy will remind you of country-house life in Russian novels of the *ancien régime*; it is so refreshing and humanising as well as amusing.

At the Little Theatre last week Mr. Bryan Guinness' Chinese play, *The Fragrant Concubine*, was performed several times. The story is laid in the eighteenth century and turns upon the capture from some northern rebels of a lovely woman, the widow of the prince of one of the conquered tribes. "The Son of Heaven" falls in love with her and has her taken into his harem; but he will not make her his mistress until he has won her love. The deep consideration with which he treats her wins her heart, but does not weaken her resolve to be faithful to her dead husband. So at last the Empress Mother takes matters into her own hands and, full of respect, presents Haiang Fei with a silken scarf with which to strangle herself. She accepts death. The play was marked by a charming delicacy of sentiment in places and in passages by singularly easy and yet grave diction. But it dragged. Its movement was as slow as the current of a canal and the pretty petals falling on its surface hardly betrayed the flow. There was not enough incident to make a play much longer than, say, *Salome*, and the story was stretched over three acts, the first unbearably long. Mr. Guinness has not grasped that dramatic story-telling requires rapidity; and that the absence of action can never be compensated by the elaboration of situation. In this (his first play to be performed) the situation did not change till the short closing scene: it was all attenuated tension without suspense. But if he aims in future at condensation, his gift of handling sentiment poetically will achieve something charming and rare.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MOVIES

"Pygmalion," at the Leicester Square Theatre

SCHOLARS who never saw Alleyn's Tamburlaine are, nevertheless, allowed to express themselves pretty freely on the subject of Marlowe; and I hope it will not be counted a fatal disadvantage in discussing *Pygmalion* not to have seen Mrs. Pat as Eliza Doolittle. What I should most like to know about this celebrated performance is whether her personal magnetism and charm were so great as to save the last two acts from anticlimax. The first three of the play's five acts are brilliantly amusing; the transformation of the Cockney flower-girl into a lady of fashion with the aid of applied phonetics and *haute couture* is a theme which gave the fullest play to Shaw's gifts of social satire. Act III contains the tea-party which culminates in Eliza's famous: "Walk! Not bloody likely!" and before Act IV opens she has attended the Ambassador's reception, and passed with flying colours. (This scene, unsuitable to the stage, naturally becomes the climax of the film.) At this point Shaw must have found himself in a dilemma not unlike that of his own hero. Professor Higgins, the ruthlessly genial scientist, had taken up Eliza as a mere subject for experiment and found himself saddled with a real woman; just so Shaw (whose attitude to humanity might also be described as ruthlessly genial), having plainly conceived the idea of his play in the abstract, was forced to resolve the resulting situation by taking the relationship between Eliza and Higgins seriously. This, in Acts IV and V, he proceeds to do, and with disastrous effect. He has never shown much understanding of the commonplace passions of love, jealousy and ambition which rule the lives of human beings; Eliza, stripped of her slum cheekiness and pathos, has little character left, and Higgins, stripped of his scientific paraphernalia, none at all. The dramatist fumbles along and reaches a conclusion so indeterminate that he feels compelled to explain, in a printed sequel, that Eliza marries not Higgins, but Freddy, the good-natured young man about town; but the truth is that we are by then past caring what happens to either of them: they are no longer amusing, that is all. As a matter of fact, the film seems to imply that she marries Higgins; so, at any rate, my neighbour thought.

I make no apology for discussing the play at length, because the film follows the original with unusual fidelity. For two-thirds of its course the result is highly diverting; the adaptors and Mr. Anthony Asquith have been fertile in the invention of sequences showing the successive stages in Eliza's training, and when they have simply followed the stage dialogue they have sensibly allowed it to make its full effect. There was a moment towards the beginning when it seemed that we were in for too many successive close-ups of each speaker; one of them indeed was so close that it allowed only a *section* of Mr. Howard's face to appear on the screen. But that danger passed, and for the rest the quality of direction and photography was very high indeed. The acting, too, is remarkably good: Wendy Hiller, though her Cockney accent may offend purists, is delightfully fresh and vital as Eliza; she is a real acquisition to the English screen, and her mincing delivery of horrifyingly impolite sentiments over Mrs. Higgins's tea-table could hardly have been better done. Leslie Howard was a good, hectoring Higgins, though hardly untidy enough: the disorder in his dress was always very sweet. Wilfrid Lawson was best in the first of Doolittle's two incursions: his stale, wheezy, wheedling laugh is something to remember. Esmé Percy decorates with his characteristic flamboyance a part for whose interpolation there seemed to be little excuse. There are plenty of other famous names in the cast, and the music, simple but particularly effective, is by Honegger. In fact, it is altogether a capital film, with everything handsome about it, failing only where its inevitable dependence on Shaw's text made failure unavoidable.

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PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Official Secret," at the New

One may excuse a dramatist for choosing a hackneyed theme provided he is original in his method of treatment. Mr. Jeffrey Dell provides no compensation, and his new play, *Official Secret*, is a dreary repetition of those spot-the-spy dramas we have seen so often before. As the plot, with its tiresome ramifications, slowly unravels itself, we become more and more indebted to a most competent cast for the way in which they strive to make the evening endurable. And perhaps it would be fair to say that the play is padded with just sufficient comedy and character to enable them to succeed. Colonel Cairns, of the Intelligence, is appointed by the Air Ministry to investigate leakage of information from a secret experimental station on Salisbury Plain. Suspicion rests equally on everyone with access to the scene. Is it the motorist who seeks hospitality? Is it Peter Thurloe, the handsome young test-pilot? Is it Charles Haughton, the man in command? Or is it Mrs. Haughton, Thurloe's secret lover, who is being blackmailed by the butler and bullied by her husband? Most of us, no doubt, guess correctly. Mr. Cecil Parker held our attention with a brilliant piece of acting. It was not only finely inspired, but admirably accomplished, and he galvanised what humour he could dig from the script—a great relief to the audience. This standard was maintained throughout with the help of Miss Carol Goodner, Mr. Robert Douglas and an excellent cast.

"Those Foolish Things," at the Palladium

Mr. George Black's prescription for popular entertainment is infallible, and his new production at the Palladium contains all the necessary ingredients to make success a certainty. Juggling, acrobatic burlesque and lavish tableaux are part and parcel of any variety show, but this time Mr. Black seeks to satisfy the British love of sport with skilful exhibitions of badminton and fencing. And then, of course, there is the Crazy Gang—Messrs. Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold—who, as meteors to this constellation, flash in mocking radiance among the saner stars. There are moments when they exceed the limits of conceivable caricature, but it is precisely at these moments applause rises to a rapturous crescendo, disarming the severity of criticism. On the spectacular side of the production no expense or trouble has been spared; but gorgeousness, rather than beauty, is the aim. The one flagrant weakness is the misuse of the microphone. These detestable instruments were used without discretion, throughout the evening, and loud speakers blared their distortions in every corner of the house. Why is it actors submit to this insult? Have they no pride? In every other way the show is a great success, and credit is due to Mr. Black for his enterprise and ingenuity as a producer.

Allan Walton Fabrics, at the Mayor Gallery

Most British manufacturers of china, carpets and furnishing fabrics regard good designs with sincere repugnance. They stick to their principles; this highbrow modern stuff may pay, but they would rather lose the extra profit than touch such muck. And too often they are backed up in this attitude by the buyers for big shops. (With regard to textiles made for women to wear, a less rigid morality for some reason prevails, and the standard of design is conspicuously less debased.) The firm of Allan Walton Textiles is probably the most noticeable exception to this rule. Mr. Walton is himself not only a painter of great taste and accomplishment, but evidently a business man who knows his job. Some of the textiles he manufactures were outstanding exhibits in the British Pavilion at Paris, though in Glasgow none, we fancy, is visible. Among the well-known artists who have designed these fabrics are Duncan Grant, Frank Dobson, Thomas Lowinsky, Vanessa Bell, Cedric Morris, Keith Baynes, Douglas Davidson and Allan Walton himself. Excellent work has been produced also by Sheila Walsh, Margaret Simeon and Meriel Tower. The fact that the design is not woven but printed gives the best of these stuffs a delightful "aliveness"—in which the artist's individual handwriting can be recognised. Thus a panel of Duncan Grant's large design (2 in the catalogue) would be beautiful framed upon a wall. His printed velvet (4) is hardly less admirable, with its sumptuous and unexpected colours. (This, it is interesting to know, was designed for the *Queen Mary* and then, believe it or not, turned down!) There are fabrics here for a variety of purposes and tastes, and the exhibition deserves the highest praise. It is probably even more important to provide the public with good curtains than with good pictures. The exhibition remains open only till the end of this week, but the fabrics can always be seen at 50 Berners Street.

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Professor Laski probably knows more about the English Parliamentary system than anybody else alive to-day. This book, the long awaited successor to Bagehot's *English Constitution*, deals with the major institutions—the two Houses, the Cabinet, the Civil Service, &c., and shows how they really function. The author then examines and explains the problems confronting Great Britain as a parliamentary democracy and discusses the chances of their satisfactory solution.

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FRIDAY, October 7th—
Dance on behalf of Spanish Medical Aid, Astoria Dance Salon, Charing Cross Road, 8.

SATURDAY, October 8th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.
John Cohen: "Psychology and Democracy," New Common Room, University Building, 7.30.

SUNDAY, October 9th—
C. E. M. Joad: "What Shall I Do to be Saved?" Conway Hall, 11.
Pat Sloan: "Is Communism Democratic?" 153 Finchley Rd. 6.15.

MONDAY, October 10th—
First of a series of Public Lectures on International Relations by Georg Schwarzenberger, University College, 5.30.
Bowl of Rice Dinner, organised by China Campaign Committee in aid of International Peace Hospital in China. Speakers: Chinese Ambassador, Viscount Cecil and Peter Fleming; Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, 7.30.
J. F. Horrabin: "What Is the British Empire?" Caxton Hall, 8.
Wilfred Macartney: "Sex in Prisons," Conway Hall, 8.
Season of Opera in English, Covent Garden. Till October 29th
"Behind the Blinds," Winter Garden.

TUESDAY, October 11th—
Archdeacon W. E. Owen: "The Native in East Africa," Friends House, 1.20.
Yvette Guilbert (with Germaine Cernay) in Verlaine programme, Wigmore Hall, 3.
R. B. Kerr: "The Population Question," Conway Hall, 7.
Viscount Samuel: "Twenty Years After—a Survey," Presidential Address of the British Inst. of Philosophy, University College, 8.15.
"When We Are Married," St. Martins.

THURSDAY, October 13th—
Opening of International Motor Show, Earls Court.
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton: "Palestine—the Land of Three Faiths." Queen Mary Hall, W.C.1. 8.
F. J. D. Dickins: "Russia for Holidays," 153 Finchley Road, 8.15.
G. T. Garratt and Mrs. Corbett Ashby: "The Peace—Facts," Conway Hall, 8.15.
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

MACMILLAN

We shall be pleased to send a copy of our autumn list giving fuller particulars of the books below (and many others not yet published) upon application to Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C.2.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

POPULAR physiology tells us that in the presence of danger, or under the stress of the emotions of anger and resentment, adrenalin passes into the bloodstream, a precautionary measure that will reduce the bleeding from superficial wounds. When the expected fight doesn't come off, mingled with our relief, we are left with a queasy sensation of disgust, due to an overdose of adrenalin: a substance incompatible with our normal frame of mind. This, added to the nature of our present foreign policy, is likely to induce sensations of nausea for some time, and anything which can divert our interests into other subjects will give relief and be welcome. The charge of being an *escapist* will be brought, of course—for there are some who think any interest in the arts entitles one to a white feather—but what if the escape is from one sort of reality to another? After having a tooth out, is it *escapism* to think about one's overdraft at the bank rather than one's visit to the dentist next week?

* * *

Apropos of Dolores, by H. G. Wells (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*) will be for thousands of people like myself a joyful escape from one kind of reality to another—painful enough, but funny. It is a grand book: the best novel Wells has written for many years. I have not read *Brynhild*, so cannot speak of it, but Wells seems to me to write better and better as he grows older. His weakness was due to his exuberance outrunning his observation, so that bits of his novels had to be hastily improvised—just as in a child's drama, a cushion and an overcoat have to play the part of grandpapa. Nowadays one gets the impression that Wells thinks more, and so has more to say. In his seventies, he is growing up; his mind is mature and his creative force undiminished. *Apropos of Dolores* is a full-length portrait in the semi-nude of a type of woman whom everyone has met, or seen, and from whom most people have suffered. She is as selfish, bad-mannered, passionate, and vain as anybody on earth—and the book is no more than an estimation of her character by her husband, Stephen. He records every detail in his case against her, tries to view their relationship from a detached standpoint, reflects on marriage, and presents his side for our impartial judgment.

* * *

His evidence is convincing—because we have all overheard Dolores. She adores having scenes in public, which are embarrassing, painful, and gloriously funny. For example, Stephen was out for a walk when Dolores, her maid, chauffeur, and pekingese, Bayard, arrived to join him in a hotel in Brittany, after an absence of a few days:

> "She is lying down now," said Marie. "She has her pain." And then from the hotel passage came a cry of exultation. Dolores, in a revealing white wrap, appeared right in the middle of the stage and descended the steps of the hotel. "I couldn't wait for you," she said. "Pain or no pain, I couldn't wait. Why did you not stay indoors for me?" She flung herself upon me. "My darling, I forgive you!" I take this sort of thing better than I used to do, but still it abashes me. I struggled out of her clutching embrace. I freed myself from her with difficulty and held her at arm's length. "Let me have a look at you," I said, to mitigate the effect of this disentanglement. "How much better you look." "I forgive you," she repeated. "I shall *always* forgive you." She embraced me again with the utmost determination. Bayard, who had waddled halfway down the steps, suddenly yapped approval—or disapproval or something—and sat down, panting a sort of challenge to the world.
>
> "Bis! Bis! Bravo!" A rude man in the foremost charabanc was standing up and applauding us.

Almost all men who have secured the passionate love of a woman have sometimes had to pay for it in such ways. Poor Stephen has to pay all the time. Considering how universal are the embarrassments of love, it is odd that the comic side of passion has been so little described. Perhaps if Jane Austen had married a Sicilian actor and kept notes we should have had a masterpiece. As it is the subject has been left for Wells.

Dolores was a foreigner. When staying at English country houses she affected an enthusiasm for "le sport" and tennis, which she could not play:

> It was a matter of great difficulty for her hostesses to keep her high heels off the courts. "But I do not *mind* playing in my heels," she would expostulate. "Do not tell me," she would cry. "Do not show me. Let me play in my own way. *There*, I have hit it. You see? I *hit* it. . . . Why did you tell me I could not hit this way?"

Almost all forms of agony which a woman's love can inflict upon the man ennobled by it, are here ruthlessly described and catalogued and analysed. There is the grand scene in the hotel dining-room, when Bayard the pekingese misbehaves with the Baroness's Pomeranian bitch. There is the far worse misery and shame when Dolores turns a pair of perfectly charming servants into the street, and when Stephen asks for an explanation accuses him of siding with her enemies. And then there are the more intimate rows of the bedchamber:

> "I love the lines of these roofs," I said. "And these slender trees." I made one or two other remarks and became aware of a portentous lack of response. Not a word. Not a movement. I turned sharply to find Dolores sitting up in her bed, pale and intent, a dark hank of her hair over one resentful eye, and her long, lean, silver-bangled arms about her knees. "Don't come near me," she said. "No?" "Go away from me." I came and seated myself on the bed. "Well?" I asked. "This is the seventeenth of August," she said. "I gave myself to you—thirteen years ago. Thirteen years!"

He had forgotten the great anniversary. Every man knows that women behave in this way, and that they inflict absolutely unnecessary torture on their lovers. Stephen meditates on why. Has it always been so? Is it (as Swinburne suggested) because Dolores is splendid and sterile that she is a lady of pain? He inclines to think so, and that as fewer children are needed on our over-populated earth, more and more women will be doomed to sterile love "with disconnected instincts, wanting everything in general and nothing in particular." "Women," he reflects, "are not capable of the rapt withdrawal from the personal urgencies of life, typified by fishing." Or perhaps the trouble is that Dolores and he are biologically different? Made of different genes—and belonging to sub-species? He muzzes his head with brandy and puzzles over the hideous problems of human love and human incompatibility—while Dolores nurses her injuries, and plans and executes fresh outrages on him, to revenge herself for his unpardonable disloyalties and distractions. She is torn by absurd jealousies and exasperating suspicions, which she throws like a shaft of green limelight on all his exits and entrances. She makes startling confidences to strangers and addresses strange accusations to his old friends—and is quite incapable of seeing him at all.

* * *

Suddenly, by the lucky lift of a finger, for it is no more, Stephen finds himself forever a free man—abominably lonely and as though, without Dolores, he had lost the power of spontaneous movement. He walks out along the road and communes with a pony—and for a few pages Wells's imagination and biological interest are combined into a mood of poetry—at least it is so for me.

> Queer beast you are, I thought; my cousin many million times removed. Yet bone for bone, except for a canine tooth or so, this long hammer head of yours corresponds with mine. Your cranium has a brain so like mine that if it were dissected out and put in a bottle of spirits with its nerves cut off many non-medical people would guess it was human.

But the pony, he reflects, has remained master of its brain, while Man's brain has got out of control and is running away with him, so that he can no longer be exclusively himself, but is indissolubly mixed and tangled up with hundreds of other brains in the present and the past. The frame, the minor incidents of this novel I have not touched on. *Apropos of Dolores* is a delightful book, and it is extraordinary that it should have been written by anyone older than its hero.

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MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Prince Charles Edward and the "Forty-five." By WINIFRED DUKE. *Robert Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Black Jacobins. By C. L. R. JAMES. *Secker and Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rococo: The Life and Times of Prince Henry of Prussia. By A. E. GRANTHAM. *Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here we have three very different pictures of approximately the same period. Henry of Prussia died in 1802 at the age of seventy-six, in 1803 the Declaration of Independence was signed by the "Black Jacobins" in San Domingo (then re-named Hayti) after a struggle the seeds of which were sown in 1734, when the French began importing negroes to work their coffee plantations, while the Forty-five, in so far as it was not the isolated gesture of an ambitious prince and a disappointed people, was a link in the Anglo-French rivalry which dominated European history during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to disappear only before their common dread of that greater Germany which was made possible by Henry's greater brother, Frederick II of Prussia. In manner the pictures vary considerably. Mr. James is a Communist, Mrs. Grantham a Royalist, while Miss Duke might be summed up as a rational romantic. But the theme of all three, whether explicit or no, is "man's inhumanity to man."

Of the three authors Miss Duke is probably the most intelligent. While fully alive to the romantic charm of that young prince who "dyed Scotland in blood and yet won an immortal love," she allows herself no illusions about the value of his adventure, which carried in its wake a "welter of misery, bloodshed, and devastation" for the country of his forefathers and of his truest, loyallest friends. The Forty-five gave Scotland a myth, but she paid for it very dear. And had it never occurred, yet Scotland would have found in some other period of her history that dreamland into which the disappointed and the defeated must ever withdraw. The Forty-five was her last attempt to assert herself as a nation. It failed, and she turned it into poetry. But she did not need it. Poetry can be bought too dear. Scotland's past would perhaps have been a little less romantic and a little less foolish, her present a little less ignoble, had Charles Edward stayed in Rome. But he came, he was seen and he was conquered, and Miss Duke has re-told his story well and honestly.

The revolt of San Domingo was a different matter. If the Forty-five illustrates the inhumanity of princes, this, the only successful revolt of negroes against whites, illustrates the inhumanity of money. San Domingo was the island in the West Indies which poured wealth into eighteenth-century France, which made the French bourgeoisie rich and proud enough to cut off crowned heads and start a new era in European history, the island which, after the loss of America, threatened England's commercial supremacy. Mr. James gives a fine impression of the riotous prosperity of San Domingo and of the French towns, Nantes, Bordeaux, Marseilles, which traded with it. This wealth it was that made the Revolution possible, and it was founded on slavery and brutality so widespread and so horrible that even now one would like not to believe it.

But one has to believe it. Mr. James gives chapter and verse for all his frightfulness. Because he is a Communist, he wants to show us the worst. He is full of contempt for the whitewashers who have romanticised slavery, as also for the "venal race of scholars, profiteering panders to national vanity" who "have conspired to obscure the truth about abolition." Mr. James's point seems to be that, had it not suited England's pocket to ruin French commerce by abolishing the slave-trade, slavery would never have been abolished. That may or may not be true. The abolition of child-labour in this country was not, I think, dictated by commercial considerations, and in the southern States of North America it is still regarded as an economic necessity. Slavery would probably not have been abolished so soon, had not Pitt recognised that abolition would mean the ruin of San Domingo. But "Pitt was fairly certain of success in England." Why? Because of a small but steadily increasing public opinion. In pre-revolutionary France also he found a sympathetic public, bad economists certainly, since they were striking at their country's prosperity, but none the less sincere in their belief that slavery was evil. Without such a widespread and sincere belief Pitt and the few who stood to gain by San Domingo's loss would have been but a voice crying in the wilderness. Many may have backed abolition for the wrong reasons. Dr. Johnson and the others like him who "toasted the next slave insurrection" backed it for the right reasons, and it was they who made it possible.

Mr. James, in fact, is biased by his Communism in very much the same way as the German historians of the nineteenth century, Ranke, Gregorovius, Burckhardt, were biased by their Lutheranism. The intelligent historian should at least aim at impartiality. The fanatic cannot. Careful and well-documented as this history is, one's faith in Mr. James's intelligence and acumen is badly shaken by such sentences as this: "the science of history was not what it is to-day and no man living then could foresee, as we can foresee to-day, the coming upheavals." The Star had not yet risen in the East.

Mrs. Grantham, on the other hand, is a Royalist, a passionate admirer of Rococo, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles. She loves the period of which she writes, perhaps even regrets it. Yet, despite all her efforts, it remains the same sad story of unalleviated brutality and inhumanity. Inhumanity to children, to women, to all that is weak and helpless. And *cui bono?* It seems a high price to have paid for Frederick's glory and the aggrandisement of Prussia, which has not noticeably added to the gaiety of nations. Prince Henry, Frederick's younger brother, had much of Frederick's military genius, none of his greatness. Personally he was mean, jealous, self-centred, wholly unattractive. And yet he could pity the peasants ruined by his brother's wars, he loved France even during the Revolution, and believed in "the intrinsic goodness of man and the infallibility of reason." But only abstract emotions and self-pity could move that fishy heart.

This is and always has been a common fault, and lies perhaps at the root of man's inhumanity. Charles Edward could suffer hardship and privation for a Right, but coolly allow the Highlanders first to inflict and then endure slaughter and oppression for his sake. Henry could dream of man's intrinsic goodness while persecuting his wife and hating his brother. Mr. James's heart can bleed for the suffering of negroes, while he looks forward joyfully to an African revolution "as merciless as that of Dessalines'." One consolation remains. Bad as we are to-day, we are at least no more inhuman than our forefathers, we are only no less inhuman.

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"On Monday," says our favourite newspaper from time to time, "we begin a brilliant series of articles by famous men and women on *What I Believe*. Don't miss it." By such startling devices does Fleet Street keep us on tiptoe. And if we follow up this announcement and read the articles we shall find that Sir Hugh Walpole believes in life, Dean Inge in God, Mr. Bunny Austin in being kind to children, and so on. But are these the sort of amiable beliefs that we—even we readers of the *Daily Blank*—are interested in? Surely not. It doesn't matter tuppence to us whether Sir Hugh believes in life or not; what we should rather like to know are his beliefs on particular subjects—on rheumatism, say, or English cooking, or getting up in the morning. It is our little beliefs, those "hardly worth speaking of," that make us what we are. So-and-so is an able scholar but believes in ghosts; what's-his-name arranges his razor-blades so that they point north, has a roulette system, never dines thirteen at table, wears an iodine locket, and argues that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. These are only trivial superstitions? Perhaps, but if the sum total of any person's knowledge were examined in detail, it would be found that his knowledge was nine-tenths such superstition. You think I exaggerate? Then read Dr. Thomen's book of medical fallacies, and—assuming you have no special knowledge of medicine—note how many of the fallacies have been part of your own belief. What Dr. Thomen does for medicine, an historian could do for history, a botanist for gardening and so on, through all the branches of knowledge.

Dr. Thomen's 185 major fallacies, to each of which he devotes an essay, amused and alarmed me. Here are a few which I find that I myself, so far as I have ever thought along these lines, have taken for truths:

> That a drowning man rises three times to the surface,
> That singeing the hair is beneficial, aiding it to grow more abundantly,
> That oysters and whisky taken together are harmful to the stomach,
> That some individuals have had their hair turn grey quite suddenly from fear or fright,
> That it is more dangerous to prick oneself with a pin than with a needle,
> That there is any truth in the old saying, "Feed a cold and starve a fever,"
> That the heart is situated on the left side of the chest,
> That a person's hair grows after death,
> That powdered glass can cause death when mixed with food, and that it can be used as a "poison" unknown to the victim,
> That pressing the upper lip, or placing a key or piece of ice at the back of the neck, will stop a nose bleed,
> That mad dogs foam at the mouth and are always greatly excited,
> That it is harmful to have flowers in one's bedroom at night,
> That dead bodies, if left unburied, cause pestilence or plague,
> That diphtheria can be caused by sewer gas,
> That it is more dangerous for an adult to have whooping cough than a child,
> That meat should be more thoroughly chewed than bread, vegetables or fruit.

When I say that, till reading Dr. Thomen, I "believed" these statements, I mean that they have lodged in my mind since the age of seven and nothing has happened to dislodge them. Some, of course, I have believed more strongly than others—for example, that the heart resides on the left side of the chest (whereas in fact it is very nearly central); some again—that singeing benevolently seals the hair or that drowning men rise three times—have seemed to me doubtful, yet perhaps acceptable. But on the whole the above list represents a part—the silliest part—of my medical knowledge. It is disturbing. I reassure myself with sections of Dr. Thomen's *sottisier* where I can move with confidence: the illnesses I have myself experienced, the superstitions which curiosity or a moment's thought has corrected. I happen to know, for example, that nervous breakdowns have nothing to do with the nerves: a fact still, apparently, strange to some doctors, and of course to all compilers of medical encyclopaedias for the home. Nor is Dr. Thomen himself infallible. He states axiomatically that it is absurd to believe that at the instant of drowning men see their lives in a flash; doctors have interviewed men who have reached that point and there is no evidence for the belief. Very well. Dr. Thomen then goes on to assert that "the very nature of the human thinking process is such that it is improbable that so large a number of thoughts as is related to the events of a life-time could pass through the mind in the space of a few moments." But it is not at all improbable; it is, in fact, the common experience of people who "go off" for a few moments in the dentist's chair. In two minutes they live through whole novels longer than *War and Peace*. I have done so myself.

Most of Dr. Thomen's fallacies are, however, impregnable. They make a shattering attack on one's self-complacency; and how eagerly, with what a humble eye for truth, one then goes on to read the admirable essays which correct the popular view! I have studied every word of Dr. Thomen's expositions on cancer, diet, tuberculosis, hay fever, anatomy and the senses, with an attention which I should certainly have found it difficult to summon for even the most elementary text-book. His method, indeed, fascinates in itself; and I think there will be many readers for whom the assault on stupidity (one's own stupidity) makes the best prelude to imbibing a little knowledge. *Doctors Don't Believe It* is a lively addition to the anthropology of modern civilised man. It does more conclusively for medicine what Mr. Stephen Potter did for the teaching of Eng. Lit. Mass-observers should note it. Newspaper editors should find it invaluable: there are superstitions here which not even they have exploited to the full. Experts in other subjects will perhaps consider Dr. Thomen's method, and set out to shame us all.

G. W. STONIER

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The Case of the Substitute Face. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

This is Mr. Fortune. By H. C. BAILEY. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Golden Spaniard. By DENNIS WHEATLEY. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

The Chislehurst Mystery. By E. L. MANN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

Once they become established in the Long Border, and are well-manured (use "Torquemada," a proprietary fertiliser of great potency) detective perennials can be trusted to throw up strong flowering shoots every year; in favourable seasons many varieties can be induced to flower twice, and some as many as three times, but this habit should be discouraged, as it tends to produce weak, straggling blooms and weakens the plants. All varieties seed freely, and the seedlings should be allowed to flower once, as by cross-fertilisation many interesting new species have been introduced to cultivation; but in most cases the seedlings are found to resemble the parent stock too closely to be of any value, and can then be uprooted.

This week the border is a blaze of colour; many of our old acquaintances are flowering in profusion. I have never seen a better display of John Newton Chance, for instance; the Ngaio Marsh has improved out of all knowledge; and the Punshon has recovered from the thriller disease which affected it earlier this year. The exotics from Mexico and California still thrive in our climate and make a gaudy background to the dwarf clusters of our wonderful H. C. Bailey. Only the Gladys Mitchell continues to disappoint me; but I have never been partial to the Lizard Lady, whose luxuriant rambling habit never seems justified by the rather insignificant sallow fruit.

In *Night Over Mexico* Mr. Todd Downing's detective, Hugh Rennert, arrives at a lonely *hacienda* for shelter in a tropical rainstorm and butts in on an extraordinary gathering of similar refugees. Before he has finished garaging his car, the body of a Mexican comes floating round the corner and a luminous rosary appears in the mud. Mr. Downing's determination to key us up is admirable, but his plot becomes so sticky with curdled blood that the wheels of progress can hardly revolve. Men are killed right and left in the *hacienda* without any visible cause of death

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and, though there is a doctor on the premises, he turns out to be a doctor of philosophy writing a travel-book of adventures in Mexico. Other mysterious items—the floors of the *hacienda* are continually being swept; everyone is forced at the revolver point to take off his shoes, and Rennert is strongly urged by a well-wisher to take a bath. The solution of these strange doings is astonishingly simple, and even obvious, provided the reader keeps his wits about him and refuses to be driven crazy by the sound of the rain.

Lord Robert Gospell is murdered in a taxicab after a *débutante's* ball in *Death in a White Tie*. Miss Marsh revels in her descriptions of fashionable society, and her style improves with every book she writes. I am not overfond of Inspector Alleyn's infatuation for that brilliant Academician, Miss Agatha Troy, but I dislike his infatuation for his mother even more, so that I am delighted his romantic passion is at last being assuaged. In future I beg Miss Marsh to send Mrs. Alleyn back to her painting and allow her to quarrel with her mother-in-law. The villain, or head villain rather, in *Death in a White Tie* is admirably concealed, and the whole book reads at a rattling pace, only, if the authoress hangs her plot on the relative positions of the characters at a crucial time, we ought to be given a ground plan to work with.

Mr. Punshon's book is candidly based on a recent scandal in the bibliographical world, but he has only used the facts as a theme for a detective story. For anyone familiar with the facts, however, the *dénouement* is self-evident, and I can therefore only guess how misleading Mr. Punshon has made his plot for others. My conclusion is that they will be stimulated to deduction, but not greatly baffled. Anyhow, I am delighted to find that Bobby Owen is not getting mixed up with any more anti-Fascist conspiracies.

Miss Mitchell's Mrs. Bradley penetrates into a nunnery in *St. Peter's Finger* and subjects all the nuns to her basilisk scrutiny. A little girl attending the nunnery school is found dead in a bath, not drowned but gassed, yet the geyser is in perfect order. I am reluctantly compelled to believe that Miss Mitchell only launches Mrs. Bradley on these detective jobs in order to indulge her inordinate desire to pry into people's private lives and set them to rights, not to solve crimes for the public weal, because the final explanation of the technique of the criminal in *St. Peter's Finger* is beyond all plausibility.

Mr. Chance's lumbering red-headed giant, De Havilland, with his high-powered car in the New Forest is to the fore again in *Death of an Innocent*. This time his married life is not going too well, but the man he suspects of undue attraction for Mrs. De Havilland is soon found dead in an empty house—naturally with no marks of violence or anything to account for his death, except a rigid expression of terror on his face and the consumption of a few units of electricity. Mr. Chance has never been a great hand for a detective plot, but this time he has invented a new way of killing, which he guarantees from personal experience to be the sort of thing that might kill anyone. I still have my doubts, but it makes *Death of an Innocent* the most creditable work Mr. Chance has yet produced.

Each of Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason cases seems like an identical twin of all the others; *The Case of the Substitute Face* makes the twelfth, and is no exception. Speed and wisecracks make it a superhuman task to decide whether the plot really works or is only an optical delusion; even when one sees them acted at a cinema one is no wiser on that score. All I can vouch for is that Della Street is *still* Mason's secretary and not his wife; I can't imagine what they did at Bali together, before this case broke at Honolulu.

There are six Mr. Fortune stories in *This is Mr. Fortune*. Whatever one's personal opinion of the dear chap (oh! my dear chap), there is no question his cases are as light and delicious to the reader's palate as any of the dear chap's favourite *soufflés*.

The last two books are a couple of thrillers. Mr. Dennis Wheatley appropriates the civil war in Spain as the theatre for the 454 dramatic pages of *The Golden Spaniard*. The author judiciously divides his sympathies between the conflicting parties, two of his heroes being on the Government side and two on Franco's. The sadistic touch, the *spécialité de la maison*, is provided in a rape—perpetrated by the Reds. Did Mr. Wheatley toss up to decide which side should do it? *The Chislehurst Mystery* describes a hunt for a lump of gold all over England, with a couple of love interests. The chase starts in the Chislehurst caves and ends under Corfe Castle. Mr. Mann employs a conventional thriller style, but he makes his caves exciting.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A SURGEON'S LIFE

Surgeon Extraordinary. By LOYAL DAVIS. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

What is the business of a biographer? Few critical readers will disagree with me when I say that three-quarters of all the biographies written are three-quarters rubbish. Usually, all the insignificant and some of the significant facts are collected and presented indiscriminately. Dates and places of no consequence are tabulated as meticulously as are the factors and incidents that have æsthetic, spiritual, intellectual, or even physical relevance to the character and career of the subject.

The very word *biography* suggests that it is the graph or picture of a living creature. The subject may, at the date of publication, be dead and buried; but the business of the biographer surely is to re-create, as well as he can, the essentials of that person when alive, so far as they can be presented by the medium of words. But the biographer is called upon to do more than this. It is up to him to analyse his subject, to show the relation between one historic fact and another. Not only should he make clear what kind of man his hero was, but he should also, by the adduction of relevant facts in his history, help the reader to understand why everything turned out as it did.

In the light of these premises, what are we to say about Dr. Loyal Davis's life story of the great American surgeon, J. B. Murphy? Dr. Cronin has written a foreword to this book, in the course of which he thus hyperbolises:

> Dr. Davis has a style which is miraculously vital and a subject which I can only describe as magnificent. Had this biography come to me in novel form I should have classed it with such memorable portraits as Arrowsmith and Elmer Gantry. It is many months since I have enjoyed so glorious a book.

Few professional copy-writers could more enthusiastically or adjectivally commend the goods offered by a provincial draper in his end-of-season sale. Dr. Cronin's eulogy is obviously sincere and spontaneous; and *Surgeon Extraordinary* is not incomparable with Dr. Cronin's novel, *The Citadel*. Indeed, it might be suggested that the one is an autobiography in the same way as the other is a biography.

J. B. Murphy, the subject of this book, was one of the world's really great surgical craftsmen. His grandfather was a cottier in County Limerick, and his father emigrated to America during the great Irish famine. He was born in 1857 and he died of angina pectoris in 1916—three years after he had been made an honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and one year after he was officially criticised for "unethical" conduct by the American Medical Association (of which he was a former President). From the kicks-and-ha'pence point of view, all Murphy's professional life was like that. His ability was abnormally great, his technical skill and practicality were supreme; and no less pronounced was his love of the limelight. By most of the members of his profession in America he was envied, suspected, and hated—not without some justification. But he was a big man, a courageous man, and a great human asset for all that. Subservience to codes of professional ethics, and value to humanity, do not necessarily coincide.

Murphy was a pioneer of the doctrine, only lately adopted by the bulk of the medical profession in this country, that it is a prime business of doctors to educate the people in matters of hygiene. In his introductory address as President of the American Medical Association in 1911 he emphasised the point that one of organised medicine's obligations is to educate the public:

> There should be, he said, an extensive and accurately planned course of instruction on health and disease by the master teachers of the profession, through lectures, exhibitions, lantern demonstrations, and moving pictures. These should be free from technicalities and pedantry, and should bristle with information, but should be presented in a simple, comprehensive and attractive manner. . . . The first and all-pervading idea of our medical heritage is the public—the people—and concretely the patient. The latter is the centre of the medical universe, round which all our works revolve and towards which all our efforts tend. For centuries the medical profession has criticised the public for its lack of judgment in its selection of doctors. What has the regular medical profession done to educate the public in the last three centuries? Nothing! We have demanded of the public our acceptance on blind faith, and the age of blind faith in individuals is passed. What have we taught them of the real truths or principles of scientific medicine? Nothing! What beacon have we set for the layman to assist him in the selection of a skilful practitioner? None! Still, we daily condemn him for his lack of judgment in these matters.

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Oxford University Press

And the next paragraph is so apt and relevant to the situation in this country to-day that it must be quoted :

> The public has employed the quack ; it has employed the irregular or sectarian ; it has employed the psychopathic and Christian Science healer ; it has employed the bone-setter and the chiropractor. These are employed not alone by the ignorant, the foreigner or the poor, but by the so-called intelligent, reasoning, educated and wealthy people of every community. They place a greater amount of confidence in all these healers and more enthusiastically support them than they do the regular members of the medical profession. Why ? Are they more skilful ? Not at all ! But they give the patient some kind of explanation or reason or working hypothesis for the results they attempt to obtain or claim to secure. In other words, they educate the people in their theories, beliefs or sophistries ; and that is what the public want—in fact, what it demands.

I am inclined to think that probably Dr. Davis's way of writing a biography is the right one. Statistics are the dry bones of history, and biography is a form of history. Verisimilitude is the thing to aim at. Honest autobiography by a literary artist is the ideal. This is an honest, if rather flamboyant, biography by a knowledgeable and competent journalist—much as (it seems to me) is Dr. Cronin's *The Citadel*. HARRY ROBERTS

VERA BRITTAIN IN AMERICA

Thrice a Stranger. By VERA BRITTAIN. *Gollancz*. 1938. 10*s*. 6*d*.

When Vera Brittain first went to America, she made a good resolution—not to write a book about it. Now, after three visits and a total residence of about two years in the United States, she has almost, but not quite, kept that resolution. For she has written, not a book about America, but the American chapters of her own autobiography.

Thrice a Stranger tells the story of these three visits, which took place in 1925, 1934 and 1937. It was a very different America that the author found on each journey—and a very different Vera Brittain who found it. On the first occasion she spent a year as a newly-married unknown " Faculty wife " in a small-town University in the Period of Perpetual Prosperity (in which last she was acutely conscious that she did not share). When she returned, eight years later, it was as the much-sought-after author of *Testament of Youth*, " purchased " by organisations which were furiously competing for the privilege of hearing her lecture. It is not surprising that she found the new role rather bewildering (especially when she had to play it amidst the appalling physical and mental strains of a full-dress U.S. lecturing tour). But the new Vera Brittain liked the new America—now passing from the staggering shocks of the depression into the early intoxications of the New Deal—much better than the old. And the third visit found both parties in a much more stable mood—Miss Brittain accustomed to her eminence, and America courageously facing the realities of her social and economic problems—and served only to inspire a feeling of affection and admiration, which one guesses must have been mutual.

Here is a tale which, for better or worse, few readers will approach with an open mind. For the great majority will be reading not *Thrice a Stranger* but the sequel to *Testament of Youth*. And *Testament of Youth* was one of those books which was distinguished for the violence of the passions which it aroused in its many readers. It was either a masterpiece or—to quote the author's own remarkably candid summary of her critics—the work of " an aggressive egotist, deserving of no encouragement."

Now that the sequel is here, readers of either persuasion will inevitably find just what they are looking for ; though no one can any longer complain of what was, apparently, to many, the crowning offence of *Testament of Youth*, namely, that the author claimed to speak not so much for herself as for the whole womanhood of her generation. For whereas everybody of a certain age-group suffered the profound emotional disturbances of the war, it is only the few who in this country have had the exciting experience of getting to know and love America. Still, the critics will ask themselves why Miss Brittain thought it worth while to quote six successive cuttings from her press file, of which the following are examples :

> Looks rather unEnglish, slender and dark-haired and dark-eyed and pale.
>
> Miss Brittain appeared in blue chiffon just the colour of her eyes.

They will comment caustically also upon the frequency of the author's references to her *petite* stature, to the gifts of orchids and other flowers showered upon her, and to the fact that she is commonly taken to be younger than her years.

Miss Brittain's admirers, on the other hand, will want to know all that has been happening to her since last she told them. Those of her own sex will appreciate particularly the theme, which underlies so much of this book, of the conflict between what the author calls " the lovely, devastating responsibilities of wifehood and parenthood " and her rôle as author and lecturer in a man-made world. And even the most churlish could not fail to enjoy her vivid word-pictures of the American scene and such lighter touches as her description of the American method of making tea.

Nevertheless, at least one reader could have wished that Miss Brittain had either never made, or had broken outright, her initial resolution. For the best things in this book are the least autobiographical. Such, for example, are her chapter of advice to those about to lecture in the States, and the temperate yet convincing statement of the case for strict pacifism which intellectual conflict with Dorothy Thompson stimulated her to write. These are worth all the orchids and the blue chiffon put together. BARBARA WOOTTON

WAGES AND INCOME

Wages and Income in the United Kingdom Since 1860. By A. L. BOWLEY. *Cambridge University Press*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Professor Bowley, to whom students of practical economics have ample cause for gratitude, has brought together in this volume, with a number of revisions and amplifications, the gist of his various books and pamphlets dealing with British wages and incomes published over a period of about forty years. The information here given is not enough to supersede these earlier studies, to which the reader is again and again referred for the data on which the various estimates are based. But for the student who wants only a general view of the subject, and is prepared to take Professor Bowley's conclusions without following all the processes by which they have been reached, this book will serve a very useful purpose.

Very broadly, Professor Bowley concludes that from 1860 to 1880 average money wages rose by about one-fourth, and that from 1880 to 1914 the rise, when allowance is made for shifts of employment from worse to better paid occupations, was about 38 per cent. From 1914 to 1924 he arrives at an estimate of 94 per cent. increase ; while from 1924 to the middle of 1937 he thinks that increases and reductions about balanced, leaving wages in 1937 about where they were in 1924. But he refrains from putting these estimates together so as to show a continuous course of development—for they are not, and cannot be, on a fully comparable basis.

These figures take no account of changes in prices. For real wages his estimates are much more tentative, especially for the first period. He puts the increase between 1860 and 1880 at from 25 to 40 per cent., with some preference for a figure near the lower limit. From 1880 to 1914 his estimate works out at 45 per cent., but the peak point is reached in 1899, and he argues that real wages were actually lower in 1914, and considerably lower in 1911–12, than they had been in 1899 and 1900. From 1914 to 1937 he estimates that real wages rose by about one-third, or rather less.

All these figures are, of course, only rough approximations, which the reader is constantly warned against interpreting as exact. Professor Bowley then goes on to make very good use of the material available in the Censuses of Earnings taken at rare intervals from 1886 to 1935, as a check upon his wage-estimates, which depend largely on rates of wages. He considers the data furnished by the recent *Surveys* in London, Liverpool, Southampton and other centres, and the new light thrown by them on the definition of the " poverty line." He then goes on to consider the national income, especially in relation to its distribution between wages, higher incomes subject to income taxes, and " intermediate " incomes. He concludes that between 1880 and 1913 income tax incomes fell from 49 to 46 per cent. of total income, and wage incomes from 40 to 38½ per cent., while " intermediate " incomes rose from 11 to 15½ per cent., even though shop assistants are here included as " wage-earners."

The largest amount of new material in this book is to be found in the account of the Wage Censuses, and in the section dealing

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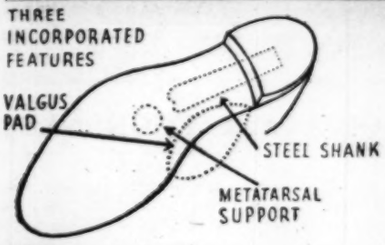

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with the measurement of retail prices and cost of living. The modifications which Professor Bowley makes throughout in his previously published figures are not for the most part large enough substantially to alter his conclusions. But one of the greatest merits of his work is that he does not claim too much for it, or pretend to be able to measure wages or income at all accurately. As he says, figures of this sort are far more useful in estimating trends than in assigning precise magnitudes at any one date.

G. D. H. COLE

The Drama of Madagascar. By SONIA F. HOWE. With Foreword by the RT. HON. LORD LUGARD, G.C.M.G. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Mrs. Howe, a Russian by birth, loving and understanding as she claims both French and English, was well fitted to tell the story of their long-drawn-out but spasmodic rivalry in Madagascar. She is so dominated by the dramatic personalities involved that she finds no room for any precise description of Madagascar itself; the story might be of any island anywhere in the tropics. But this perhaps gives it more general significance. Madagascar, it is true, was seldom more than a makeweight in rivalry for the empire of India. But those who attribute to Imperialists deeply plotted schemes of exploitation should note the long hopeless struggle of enthusiasts on the spot to get either French or British authorities to take any serious interest in exploiting the undoubted possibilities of this island. At Versailles in 1815 the existence of Madagascar seems to have been forgotten. British efforts to exterminate the slave trade gave an opportunity to a fascinating Irishman, Sergeant James Hastie, who showed a genius for winning the confidence of the native rulers. If we are to accept this version, British policy turned out to be the means of arming a succession of "Queens" from whose tyrannical misrule the island was saved only in our day by General Gallièni. But traces also remain of others who saw, like Count Maudave in 1767, that the purpose of colonisation should be "to introduce law and order among a great people, to direct it in its labours, to associate it with ours." Gallièni more than two centuries later considered this work "a labour of time and patience," the qualities demanded "love and hope." It is consoling to deduce that any success achieved by the French to-day has owed not a little to the foundations laid by the devoted, unsupported work in the nineteenth century of the London Missionary Society. *The Drama of Madagascar* is worth reading as a document recording the many influences, personal fully as much as military and economic, that go to the making of imperialist enterprise.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 448

Set by Desmond MacCarthy

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best inappropriate quotation. For example, engraving on a pair of opera glasses: "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 14th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 446

Set by F. Laws

With the entry of the American tabloid into English journalism the headline has become more and more important. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best poems of not more than sixteen lines written entirely in headlinese. The last verse of Mr. William Plomer's Headline History will serve as a model:

Alleged Last Trump Blown Yesterday;
Traffic Drowns Call to Quick and Dead;
Cup Tie Crowd sees Heavens Ope;
"Not End of World," says Well-Known Red.

Report by F. Laws

The writing of headlines is a highly skilled though doubtless deplorable occupation, and the production of tolerable verse without using as lubricants the particle, the conjunction, the preposition, or the enjambement is no joke either. Those competitors who in addition wished to analyse the international situation and preserve the decencies of grammar could hardly move at all. Most of the entries were topical and exclusively political. These failed to mirror the undaunted variety of the British Press. Did not the *Daily Worker* give us an article on the African Rhino last week? Others achieved variety but not verse.

E. Davies' *Hitler Hits New High* finished well:

Aryans Oppressed in Hell;
Interstellar Crisis;
Suicide of Gabriel;
Boom in Brimstone Prices.

Hamlet, John Gilpin, Romeo and Juliet, and Robinson Crusoe were put into the headline straitjacket after a bitter struggle. Denny sub-edited the Flood elegantly:

Pedigree Pairs Picked for Ark;
"No Places Left," says Noah;
Experts Forecast Abnormal Rain;
Gilt-edged a Little Lower.
Animals Go In Two By Two;
Amazing Ark-side Scenes;
Giraffes Discovered Too Tall For Door;
Son Japhet Intervenes.

But he used placard language in his first verse and was eliminated. Katharine Mielke, Joan Higgens, John O'Gaunt, and Alan Thomas were all in the final selection, but the First Prize must go to Towanbucket, and the second to Yorick.

FIRST PRIZE
AMAZING HEADLINE HOAX

Press Conference Report In Full;
No More Small Print?
Lord Blank Says Daily Papers Dull;
All Headlines Hint.

Shaw's Characteristic Quip:
Why Print At All?
Sees Dailies One Huge Comic Strip;
Would Pictures Pall?

Our Readers' Views: Opticians Hit;
More Unemployed?
Makes Centenarian Author Spit;
Oxford Annoyed.

The Fabian Society

FRIENDS' HALL LECTURES

Autumn, 1938

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Friends' Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 20th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "NEW TYRANNIES FOR OLD."

The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:

1. Thursday, October 20th. **"RIVAL IDEOLOGIES IN THEORY AND PRACTICE."**
   Chairman: DR. J. J. MALLON.
   Lecturer: LORD SNELL.
2. Thursday, October 27th. **"A NEW TECHNIQUE OF CONQUEST."**
   Chairman: FRANCIS WILLIAMS.
   Lecturer: WICKHAM STEED.
3. Thursday, November 3rd. **"DANGER SPOTS IN EUROPE."**
   Chairman: RT. HON. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P.
   Lecturer: MAJOR-GENERAL A. C. TEMPERLEY
4. Thursday, November 10th. **"THE CONFUSION OF WESTERN DEMOCRACY UNDER CAPITALIST DOMINATION."**
   Chairman: D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P.
   Lecturer: MME. GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS.
5. Thursday, November 17th. **"THE NEW DARK AGES?"**
   Chairman: LORD MARLEY.
   Lecturer: R. H. S. CROSSMAN.
6. Thursday, November 24th. **"WHEN AND HOW A RENAISSANCE?"**
   Chairman: DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P.
   Lecturer: RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., L.C.C.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 10th, 1938, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back rows of stalls and gallery, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1

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M & C

U.S. Approves : Hearst Cables " Oke " ;
Headlining Wins ! . . .
Stop Press : Lord Blank Admits Bad Joke ;
Press Peer All Grins. TOWANBUCKET

SECOND PRIZE

ANTHOLOGY OF HEADLINES

(Selected from those of the next fortnight)

Huns Say No Guarantees for Czechs.
Douglas on Dogma. Shaw on Sex.
This is the Truth. Lord Beaverbrook.
Alleged Policeman Murders Cook.
Will Chamberlain Resign ?
Football Weather-Forecast. Fine.
Labour Demands General Election.
Murder Appeal. Misdirection.
Air Raids on Prague. Thousands Slain.
Famous Film-Star Weds Again.
Hitler's Ultimatum to Poles.
Racing Prospects. Year's Best Foals.
Hitler's Ultimatum to France.
Lady Blatherskyte's Debutantes Dance.
Hitler's Ultimatum to Us.
Alleged Assault in London Bus. YORICK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 301.—UNCLE PODGER

My Uncle Podger is an inveterate gambler.

When I last went to see him he had five metal discs laid out face downwards in front of him.

" Like to take a chance, Caliban ? " he asked. " Each disc has on its face one of the digits 1 to 9. No two the same digit. You buy a chance and this is what you do. You select three discs, and multiply together the digits that they bear. Then you multiply together the two remaining digits. Finally you add the two products, and their sum is the number of pennies you get."

" How much does a chance cost ? " I asked.

" Sixteen and eightpence."

" And how much can I get in return ? "

" The most you can get is twenty-seven shillings and threepence."

" I'll take a chance," I said.

What is Podger's expectation of gain or loss ?

PROBLEM 299.—ORCHIDS FOR THE JUDGE

The minimum bonus earned is $5 \times 10 + 20 + 30 + 40 + 50 = 190$
" maximum " " $10 + 20 + 30 + 40 + 5 \times 50 = 350$

The only possible aggregate bonuses in the ratio 7 : 6 : 5 : 4 within the above limits are 350 ; 300 ; 250 ; 200.

Anthony earned in successive years £10, £20, £30, £40 and £250.

Bertram earned $150 + 10a + 20b + 30c + 90d = 300$

where $(a + 1)$, $(b + 1)$, etc., are the number of species found in each year.

Whence $10a + 20b + 30c + 90d = 150$

$a = b = 0$, $c = 2$, $d = 1$

Bertram earned in successive years £10, £20, £90, £80 and £100.
Christian " " " £20, £40, £60, £80 and £50.
David " " " £40, £40, £30, £40 and £50.

Thus the Judge paid out on the following number of new species in each year :

1st year	..	8
2nd year	..	6
3rd year	..	7
4th year	..	6
5th year	..	9

Solution by F. B. Swift.

PROBLEM 298.—ELOCUTIONARY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : A. Geoffrey Collings, 41 Glebe Road, London, N.8.

Eight points are awarded.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

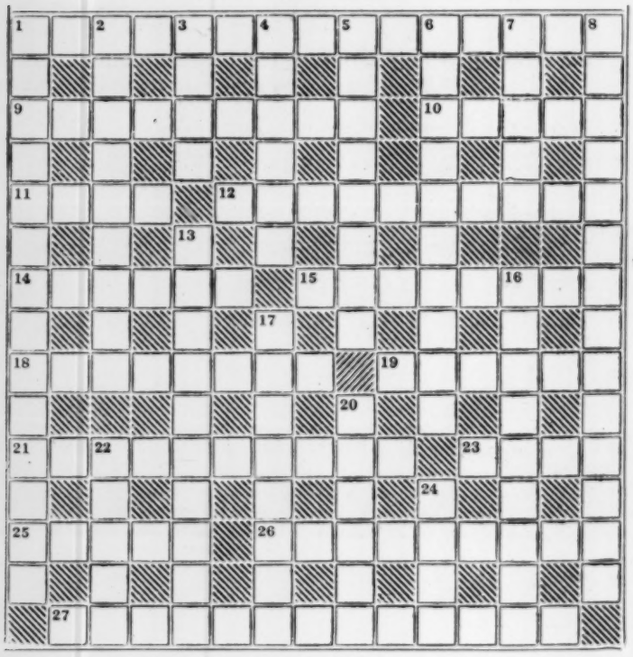
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 448

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Joyce Turner, Rydal Mount, Layton Avenue, Mansfield, Notts.

ACROSS

1. Illustrated pennyworth ? (15)
9. Such things are the very opposite of effective. (9)
10. Fetch and carry perhaps. (5)
11. Part of what the bos'n told them to take. (4)
12. Vegetable that leads a double life ? (10)
14. Applies to the race, but not to 17. (6)
15. Monumental bit of masonry perhaps. (8)
18. The Romans found these vessels doubly handy. (8)
19 (rev.). Tea between meals. (6)
21. The A.R.A. takes bitters for this. (10)
23. Such a man might yet be a stout fellow. (4)
25. What the river suffers when the bore comes up ? (5)
26. Does it strain the wig ? (9)
27. A battered amphibian. (13)

DOWN

1. Residences of film kings ? (14)
2. Might describe the *Victoria and Albert* when Their Majesties are aboard. (14)
3. Would give the bowman a fatal tip. (4)
4. Annual rents for the children. (6)
5. Casualties of a decimated regiment. (8)
6. Shows a clear bent for Jewish worship. (10)
7. Those who [illegible] cease to be. (5)
8. His choice of bed raises an agricultural worker's food problem. (14)
13. A smaller musical trio ? (10)
16. A better 'ole for pussy ? (9)
17. Ancient fighting race. (8)
20. Become devitalised. (6)
22. Put Dickens's crossing sweeper under an interdict. (5)
24. (rev.). The large number who entertain. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

THOSE STRANGE YEARS

(A Novel of Youth in 1914-19)

By Theodora Wilson Wilson

Clement, August and Nancy sat long over the fire that summer night.

"A very difficult stocktaking, father," said August, as he let fall the particulars of the Versailles Treaty.

"I wish I thought it difficult," replied his father. "It is fundamental that what we sow, we reap."

"Or others reap!" mourned Nancy. "To me it all feels like such a hideous betrayal! In spite of everything, I had hoped and hoped that something good would come out of it all."

"There was only one possible chance," said Clement, "and they have let it slip. Total disarmament of all nations . . . but no Nation dared it, no Church preached it, and so this 'last war' has become a living, growing nightmare, which will haunt us until we wake to find ourselves pleading with forgetful hearts and passionate urgency for 'Just one more last and righteous war.'"

Nancy put out her hand to August.

"It is going to be a great fight!" she said.

"For the children," added Clement.

"From start to finish holds our attention. An Interpretation—a tremendous challenge."—*The Friend.*

"A very distinctive piece of work."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"All sorts pass through these pages; patriots, pacifists, profiteers, and the stupidity of the whole business stands out in stark reality."—*Reynolds News.*

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY writes: "I hope the book will get into the hands of thousands of young people and in all libraries."

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

AFTER MUNICH—THE 1939 BUDGET—WALL STREET—
THE FRANC—TRINIDAD PETS.

THE Chamberlain "peace" boom has already been checked. The slump and the rebound in prices had been sharp and severe, and little or no business had been done in the Stock Exchange either on the fall or on the recovery. As second thoughts in the City were not conducive to bullish markets the recovery was not held. "Peace in our time" was recognised to be a Prime Minister's dream rather than reality. In any case, the "peace" meant increased armaments, heavier taxation, declining export trade, rising unemployment figures (witness the returns this week) and reduced dividends. The result was that industrial shares reacted slightly and only the leading oil shares made any firm resistance to the easier trend. Czechoslovak 8 per cent. bonds which had recovered from 23 to 67½ relapsed to 58, and, as nothing but "default with honour" can face the new Czechoslovak State, I cannot see current quotations holding very long. The new loan to Czechoslovakia is not, after all, intended to help the old bondholders. The brunt of this week's reaction, however, was seen in the gilt-edged market. No doubt it began with profit-taking on the "Chamberlain" rise, but the realisation that heavier taxation and a potential rearmament inflation were "bear" points for the gilt-edged market caused buyers to be conspicuous by their absence. This absence of support brought prices down rather sharply:

	Prices.			Gross Yield %.	
	(1)	(2)	(3)	Flat.	Redemption.
3½% War Loan ..	93	102	100¾	£3 10 3	£3 10 0
2½% Consols ..	66	75	72¾	£3 8 6	—
Funding 4% ..	102	111	109½	£3 13 0	£3 4 3
National Defence 3% (1954–58)	93	100½	98⅝	£3 1 3	£3 3 0

(1) Minimum prices during war scare.
(2) Prices in peace boom (September 30th).
(3) Second thoughts on October 6th.

Examination of the Treasury returns for the first six months of the financial year does little to modify the prevailing impression in the City that next April's Budget will be a profound shock—either to fiscal orthodoxy or the taxpayer. Excluding rearmament expenditure chargeable to loan account, total outgoings to date are £65 millions up, as compared with an estimated increase of £105 millions for the full year. With the cost of last month's crisis to be met, and the prospect of greatly accelerated expenditure on the Air Force and anti-aircraft guns, the final figure of outgoings will clearly be many millions higher than Sir John Simon expected. Moreover, on the other side of the account, revenue is far from buoyant. It is impossible yet to make any guess as to the eventual yield of income tax and surtax, whose collection falls largely into the fourth quarter of the fiscal year; but there is an ominous drop of £9.4 millions in receipts from Estate Duties. Equally significant, there is no sign of the estimated gain of £9 millions in revenue from Customs and Excise materialising. I foresee the shadow of next year's Budget casting itself over markets a long time in advance.

* * *

Wall Street enjoyed perhaps more than its fair share of the Chamberlain boom. The Dow Jones index of industrials had dipped on September 26th to 129.9. As I write it stands at 148.3. Mr. Roosevelt has made a curious statement to his press conference that he believes industry and trade are on the upturn, that he is cheerful about employment but that he considers the prices of cotton and wheat are too low and must be increased to enable the farmers to make a profit. The Federal Reserve index of production which is now around 92 is talked higher in the next few weeks on an anticipated rising output from the steel, automobile and building industries. However, the more cautious investors are pointing out that the earnings curve, as a result of rigid wages and general price-cutting, is not advancing at the same rate as the production curve. The "bears," in other words, are sceptical about prospective profits and regard the current prices of industrial stocks as too high. The "bulls," on the other hand, reply that the rate of business recovery is a more powerful market factor than prospective earnings. Ultimately I feel confident that the market should move higher.

* * *

After the hectic days in which flight demand for dollars drove the pound down to $4.60, conditions of comparative normality have returned to the foreign exchange market. The sterling-dollar rate has temporarily been steadied around $4.80. From this point I expect to see a gradual depreciation of sterling towards the $4.50 level; before that is reached, the pound will remain overvalued on any reasonable estimation of the outlook for the national finances and balance of foreign payments. The really weak link, however, in the currency chain is the franc. M. Daladier's parliamentary success on Tuesday night has enabled the control to keep the spot rate below the promised "inexpugnable" level of 179, but the three months forward rate is still as high as 186, and it is by no means clear how the Government propose to cope with the financial problems ahead. It is estimated that the crisis cost France over £40 millions, and the £55 millions of further borrowing from the Bank which the Chamber authorised have already been almost entirely used up. Revaluation of the Bank's gold stock seems to be the obvious quick way out of immediate difficulties; but, so long as M. Daladier obeys the behests of the Two Hundred Families and refrains from imposing exchange control, the only result of inflation in France is that more francs are manufactured for conversion into dollars. Even if the Left can be induced to agree to further substantial lengthening of the hours of labour, the effect on France's productivity and balance of payments is bound to be very slow to materialise.

* * *

Trinidad Petroleum Development has raised its dividend from 7 per cent. to 12 per cent., which is probably still a conservative rate of distribution. The actual earnings for the year to July are not yet published, but production was 75 per cent. higher, so that, allowing for a fall in basic prices, it is difficult to believe that net profits were less than 50 per cent. higher. This company has been remarkably successful in the development of its fields in Trinidad, and I would guess that its reserves are potentially greater than any other Trinidad company. Unfortunately, it sells its oil to the Royal Dutch-Shell group and until its contract is revised it will not make the profit it deserves. However, as a lock-up for the small investor I can recommend a purchase of its shares at 41*s.* 3*d.* cum dividend to yield £6 1*s.* 6*d.* per cent.

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Rates, and all information on page 550

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APOLLO. Tree of Eden. Sat., Oct. 15.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats., 2.30.

COMEDY. Room for Two. Tu., Fri.

GLOBE. Robert's Wife Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

MERCURY. Shaw and Soviet Comedy. S.

OLD VIC. Trelawny of the Wells. Thur., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

SAVOY. Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

WESTMINSTER. Troilus & Cressida. W. S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) 8.30. Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
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With BARRY JONES.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
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A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663) WED. NEXT, 8.15.
(Subsequently 8.30) 1st Mat., Sat., Oct. 15th, 2.30.
TREE OF EDEN
by Kenneth Horne.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
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HUGH WAKEFIELD in
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DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30.
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GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
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ROBERT'S WIFE
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HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special cheap rates are available for "Holiday Suggestions" advertisements on this page—on application. Other rates and full particulars regarding Classified Advertisements will be found on page 550.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

WELWYN RESIDENTS don't have to put up with suburban dullness or with central London's expensive discomforts. King's Cross is only half-an-hour away, and unspoiled Hertfordshire surrounds their lovely town. Houses to rent from £58 to £200 p.a. or for sale from £600 to £3,000. Illustrated details on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, Welwyn Garden City, Ltd., Welwyn, Herts. Welwyn Garden 248.

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TO LET. Two rec., one bed., kit. use of bath. Elsan. Hamp. village. Box 2985.

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